# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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## April 20, 1864.

By PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

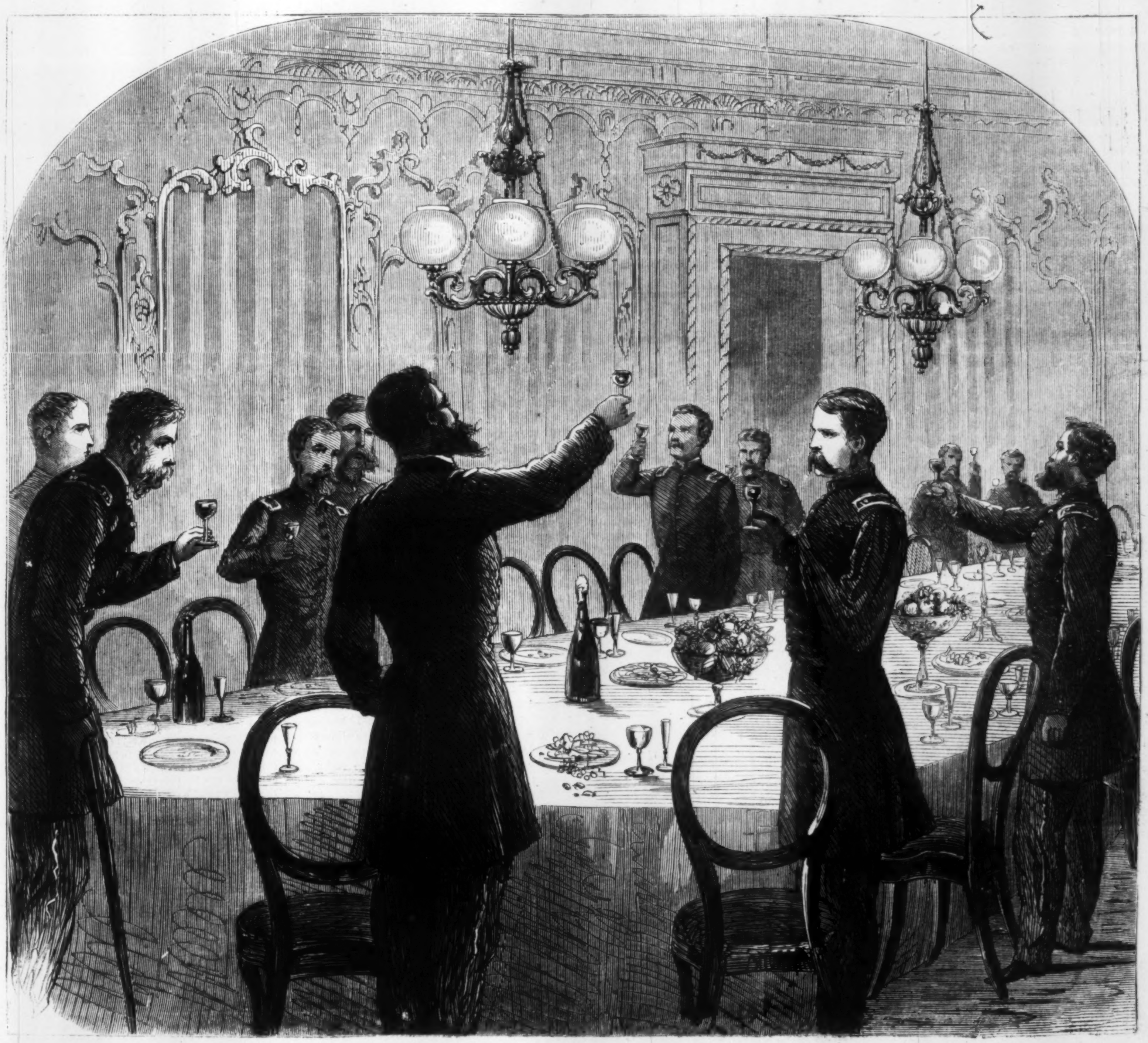
Three years ago to-day
  We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
  Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
  With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh 'twas a gallant day,
  In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
  With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
  And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
  And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
  Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
  And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
  Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessèd sleep
  Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
  The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
  With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
  And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
  As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
  As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
  The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
  As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
  Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!



# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.


## THE NEW EMPEROR.

THE arrival of an Austrian Prince to seat himself, under French protection, upon a throne built upon the ruins of the Mexican Republic, is one of the most significant events in the history of this Continent. Somewhat less than fifty years ago the chief Powers in Europe allied themselves against constitutional governments. They enforced their will by arms in Naples and Spain. Great Britain, which, under CASTLEREAGH, at the Congress of Vienna, had gone near to a [illegible]l betrayal of her own cause, awoke, under GEORGE CANNING, and asserted the rights of constitutional governments. The Holy Alliance, France taking the lead, restored the "grace of God" monarchy in Spain, and proposed to compel the Spanish American colonies to return to their old allegiance to the Spanish crown. CANNING proposed to Mr. RUSH, then United States minister in England, to recognize the independence of the colonies, if the United States would join in the recognition. Mr. RUSH had no instructions, but upon being urgently pressed he consented to unite in the declaration; and in the next Message of Mr. MONROE the doctrine was laid down by the President, which has been known ever since as the Monroe doctrine; the substance of which is a declaration by the United States that any effort upon the part of any European power or powers to extend their system to any part or portion of this Continent would be regarded as dangerous to our peace and safety. We would not interfere with existing colonies, but an attempt to control the destiny of American States whose independence we had recognized would be considered an unfriendly act.

The reason of this action was evident. The Holy Alliance had assumed the political dictatorship of Europe. They wished to grasp that of the world. They denied the right of constitutional governments, and they had overthrown them by force of arms. They designed to extend the same policy to this hemisphere, and naturally and properly the United States, seated here, and the chief free popular government in the world, declared that it assumed the championship of all the established free governments upon this Continent. Absolutism was triumphant in Europe and threatened America. Europe threw down the gage. America picked it up and replied, "You strike at your peril." This was the Monroe doctrine, the league of Liberty against the Holy Alliance and despotism.

Although never formally allowed, it has been practically recognized by the European Governments, until, under cover of our civil troubles, the declaration of forty years ago and our constant policy have been disregarded. A European army lands in Mexico; subdues the country; overthrows the Republic; establishes an Empire; and calls and escorts an Austrian Prince to the throne. Thereupon the United States Congress, pausing in the midst of the fiercest party conflicts in a civil war, unanimously declares that the feeling and purpose of the people have not changed, and that they can not acknowledge a government so established upon this Continent.

If the original declaration of 1824 were wise and necessary, and we can not think any man familiar with the history of that time will deny that it was, its reassertion to-day is even more necessary, for we are menaced by the exact danger against which it was leveled. The attack of France upon Mexico was made under the conviction that our Government was destroyed. Its occupancy of that country will depend upon our division. And unless it means to retire, the cardinal object of its policy upon this continent must be the destruction of the Union. No European monarch, and least of all LOUIS NAPOLEON, supposes that if the United States were at peace they would look placidly on at the invasion and conquest of Mexico under the pretenses alleged by France. LOUIS NAPOLEON comes because we are at war; and the moment he is established here, in the person of the Austrian, he becomes, politically, a party to the war. From that moment, and especially after the late resolution of the House, it is in every way his interest that we should not succeed.

Meanwhile what is the actual position of our diplomacy upon this question? On the 23d of October the Secretary of State writes that this Government does not consider the Mexican Government, with which it has friendly relations, namely the Republican Government, overthrown; but that it will recognize whatever political action the Mexican people may "freely" take. Whether the progress of the French occupation since November has brought the authorities to regard the Mexican Government as overthrown, we do not know. But whether it is, or is not, it is very clear that the Mexican people, voting for an empire in the presence of a French army sent to impose an empire (for ALMONTE and the priests were in Paris to ask MAXIMILIAN to be emperor before the army left, as appears from the diplomatic correspondence of 1861) are not acting "freely."

MAXIMILIAN will arrive. He will be enthroned. He will invite diplomatic recognition of his empire. The United States Government will politely defer and delay, or it will gravely decline. Is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to fall to sucking his thumbs until our war is over?

Shall we, then, make war upon France? asks an impatient reader. But the question rather is, whether France will make war upon us. Is it likely, in view of the recent vote of the House and of public sentiment upon the subject, that France will remain in Mexico unchallenged by us? If the probability is that she will not, is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to wait until we are better able to oppose him?

It is unfortunate that Mr. CORWIN's treaty was not approved in the summer of 1861; but much may be forgiven to our total inexperience and incredulity. We thought we had our hands full at home. There are many who think so now, and who therefore advise that the Mexican question should be supposed not to exist. But it is too practical a question to be evaded. It is not whether we have not our hands full now, but whether they will not be fuller when MAXIMILIAN arrives. The ostrich is not the symbol of wisdom. Sooner or later we must decide the question whether the Monroe doctrine shall be maintained or abandoned. If the moment for decision has not yet arrived, and if we mean to decide wisely when it comes, we must consider meanwhile how we ought to decide.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE opening of the campaign by the rebels shows the spirit in which it is to be conducted. The massacre of the black soldiers at Fort Pillow; the burning of the Quarter-master of the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment; the ferocious tone of the rebel papers; the brutal mutilation of Colonel DAHLGREN's body, are all indications that in their fierce extremity the men who have been so long barbarized by Slavery have virtually raised the black flag, and propose to dash themselves with the fury of despair upon the stalwart Union armies.

The immediate consequence of this will be the most terrible fighting. The loyal Union soldiers in Virginia and the West who read the accounts of rebel inhumanity will settle themselves more grimly to their work. The true men at the North, as they see more clearly the spirit and scope of the rebellion, will dismiss minor differences and concentrate their energies upon the support and supply of the armies. The plain declaration of the rebels that they count upon the aid of Copperheads and Peace men at the North, will but confirm the conviction and the knowledge of all thoughtful citizens. That they are the recognized accessories of the rebels will remove the doubts that any man may have entertained of the necessity of the summary measures which the authorities have occasionally taken.

Every month simplifies the contest. It is between the haughty aristocracy of the South allied to the Northern Copperheads, who, to help that aristocracy, try to excite discontent and trouble among ourselves, and the great body of the American people in the free States. Every Northern Copperhead and Peace man is a pander to the party at the South, which is fighting for the principle that capital ought to own labor, and that laboring men of every color and nationality ought to be slaves and treated like cattle. Men like ANDREWS, who led the rioters last summer; like FERNANDO WOOD, who is constantly talking about "the laboring classes," and who carried the taxes of the city of New York nearly to nine millions; like HARRIS and POWELL in Congress, who delight in being the owners of men and women, are the champions of a system which would degrade and imbrute every laboring man in the country. If they could have their way they would make peace with JEFFERSON DAVIS and his faction upon DAVIS's own terms. What do laboring men think they would gain by a peace which would enable a Virginian to sell his slaves in New York? For the war will end either by opening every State in the Union to the free immigration of free laborers, or by the establishment of a system in which the laboring men of the North of every color and race will be treated exactly as the black laborers of the South have been. The demagogues, the Copperheads, and Peace men will say that it was not so before the war. But every intelligent man in the land knows that the war was made by the slaveholders upon the country because their effort to accomplish this result was resisted. And the present leaders of the Peace men were the most conspicuous abettors of that effort.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the rebels openly confess these leaders to be their friends. Do they not know that if they can get to Maryland Mr. HARRIS, for instance, will not oppose them? He prays that we may not succeed. Do they not know that he will heartily welcome them? Yes, they know it, and we know it. The war as it progresses clears our eyes and strengthens our hearts and hands. Every such incident as the massacre at Fort Pillow reveals more plainly the true spirit of this rebellion, and the true character of the Northern sympathy with it.

## RETALIATION.

WITH the fine tact of simple honesty the President, in his little speech at the opening of the Fair in Baltimore, said exactly what we all wished to hear. The massacre at Fort Pillow had raised the question in every mind, does the United States mean to allow its soldiers to be butchered in cold blood? The President replies, that whoever is good enough to fight for us is good enough to be protected by us; and that in this case, when the facts are substantiated, there shall be retaliation. In what way we can retaliate it is not easy to say. There is no evidence from Richmond, and there will be none, that FORREST's murders differ from those of QUANTRELL. On the other hand, we must not forget that the same papers which brought the President's speech promising retaliation brought us also the return of the rebel General in Florida, containing, for the relief of friends at home, the names and injuries of our wounded men in his hands, and that the list included the colored soldiers of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments.

But if public opinion has justified a stronger policy from the beginning—if the criminally stupid promises of M'CLELLAN and HALLECK to protect slavery and to repel the negroes coming to our lines had never been made, we should not now be confronted with this question, because the rebels would never have dared to massacre our soldiers after surrender. But yet to be deterred from retaliation from fear of still further crimes upon the part of the rebels is simple inhumanity. Let us either at once release every colored soldier and the officers of their regiments from duty, or make the enemy feel that they are our soldiers. It is very sad that rebel prisoners of war should be shot for the crimes of FORREST. But it is very sad, no less, that soldiers fighting for our flag have been buried alive after surrendering, and it is still sadder that such barbarities should be encouraged by refraining from retaliation. Do we mean to allow Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, or this man FORREST, or QUANTRELL, to dictate who shall, and who shall not, fight for the American flag? The massacre at Fort Pillow is a direct challenge to our Government to prove whether it is in earnest or not in emancipating slaves and employing colored troops. There should be no possibility of mistake in the reply. Let the action of the Government be as prompt and terrible as it will be final. Then the battles of this campaign will begin with the clear conviction upon the part of the rebels that we mean what we say; and that the flag will protect to the last, and by every means of war, including retaliation of blood, every soldier who fights for us beneath it.

## A NEAT EXTINGUISHER.

IN his speech in the Senate in favor of human slavery, Mr. POWELL of Kentucky had a great deal to say about the freedom of the press and of speech. He was haranguing in favor of a system which denies and annihilates every kind of liberty whatever, and intentionally degrades and imbrutes human nature, and the Senator exclaimed, "Before God, I shall advise the people every where, rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech, a free press, and free ballot taken from them, to strike the usurpers to the ground!" Will it be believed that the man who says this boastfully declares that he is a slaveholder—that he not only takes free speech, a free press, and free ballot from those of the people whom he claims as his property, but deprives them of their personal liberty, buys them, sells them, sells their children; holds them fast in a system by which they are regarded as cattle—and then stands up in the Senate of the United States and declares that milder usurpers than he ought to be struck to the ground? Mr. POWELL seems to be prepared to take the first steps in that road which led his late colleague, BRECKINRIDGE, from his seat in the Senate of the United States to the camp of the rebels.

Nor is this all. But that the miserable subterfuge of this slaveholding Senator, bewailing the loss of free speech, might be made perfectly transparent, Senator HARLAN quietly read from the record of the first session of the Thirty-sixth Congress that, upon his proposition to allow freedom of speech and of the press on the question of Slavery and all other subjects—a right expressly guaranteed by the Constitution—Mr. POWELL voted *nay*. Of course he did, and he would vote nay to-day, if a proposition were gravely made to allow the same free speech in New York. Mr. POWELL's reply to this crushing citation of Mr. HARLAN's was that free speech in the Slave States would make the slaves rebel. Very well. Were his own words not warm in his mouth that rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech taken away he would advise striking the usurpers to the ground? and does he not see the exquisite absurdity of gravely confessing in a republic that you have an institution which is too dangerous to discuss?

Mr. POWELL's speech was only an expiring gasp of the hydra in whose folds our liberties have been suffocated for thirty years. But we all owe Mr. HARLAN the heartiest thanks for his neat extinguisher.

## ART-CRITICISM.

SEVERAL recent articles in the *Tribune* upon the pictures in the Fair Gallery and elsewhere lay an imperative hand upon all the fine laurel wreaths which we easy-going "gentlemen of the press" have been so industriously weaving for the heads of our friends the painters, and cast them upon the ground. Naturally there is much excitement, both among the artists and the critics; and we are glad of it, for the discussion is sure to lead us all to reflect a little more carefully what a picture ought to be. It was impossible that we should not feel in this country, sooner or later, the influence of the spirit known as Pre-Raphaelitism, of the originality of RUSKIN's criticisms, and of the curious fidelity and detailed care of the modern French and Belgian schools. The progress of that influence has been for some time evident upon the walls of our exhibitions; and now it appears, fully ripe and ready for the contest, in the articles of which we speak. Their attack blazes all along the line. The critic plays at bowls with the pates of the luckless artists from which he strips the crowns. And yet he has so positive a conviction, and so clear an understanding of what he means and what he likes and dislikes, that we congratulate our art and our artists and ourselves, the spectators, upon the vitality of interest which such criticisms evince. For whether our art be mannered, conventional, and false, or not, certainly our criticism has often enough been weak, unintelligent, and flat, and as little independent or sincere as an ordinary book-notice.

But while we heartily rejoice at the unconventional spirit of these criticisms, and can easily see that their sharpness springs from the mental strain of a conscientious resolution to do something which is known to be disagreeable, yet we by no means agree with all their verdicts. The philosophy set forth by the critic is that Truth is the end of art, and not "a something called beauty." Yet, not to reply that in art it is a fair question whether Truth is not necessarily Beauty—or, as GOETHE says, whether every true work of art must not necessarily please, whatever the character of the subject may be—we admit that Truth should be the end, and that pictures are good in the degree that they are truthful. But is there any other criterion of this truth than individual experience? Can it be so inevitable, palpable, and universal as to justify a tremendous vociferation of any individual judgment as of necessity the true judgment?

For instance, the critic defends a picture, by Mr. FARRER, of *An Hour after Sunset in the Catskills*, against the jeers and mirth of the crowd which its peculiarity attracts; and he adds that our other painters have so befogged our minds with falsehood that we can not recognize a true and faithful work when we see it. Now what is the substance of this remark? Surely it is nothing more than this, that nature appears to Mr. FARRER in one way, and to Mr. KENSETT, for instance, in another; and that the critic sees it with Mr. FARRER and not with Mr. KENSETT. But on what ground is it asserted that Mr. KENSETT does not see it as he represents it; in other words, that his picture is a falsehood? The critic says, "I have observed Nature, and this is the way she looks under this aspect." Mr. KENSETT says, "I have observed Nature and studied for many years her various effects, and this is *not* the way she looks to me under this aspect; and Mr. FARRER's picture is therefore false and ideal." Will the critic reply that it is not a matter of opinion, because the facts of Nature are so and not otherwise? But how is any man to know what is the fact except by reference to his own experience? Thus he merely completes the circle and ends where he began.

Is it not true that Nature looks very differently to different men? By what right does one man turn upon another and say, "I see Nature as she really appears and you do not, consequently this picture is true and that is false." Criticism of pictures does not admit of such absolutism. RUSKIN ran a tilt at CLAUDE. He might as well have decried the love of roses. "Those trees, why, they are flocks of sheep, they are not foliage," says RUSKIN. "Yes, and I neither know nor care whether they are oaks, chestnuts, or pines, while I breathe Arcadia," is the inevitable reply.

The artist can but represent Nature as he sees her. Whether his interpretation is correct, who shall say? There is no other test than its acceptance by the general assent of mankind. Do not answer that popularity is no test because TUPPER goes to the one hundred and seventeenth edition, and BROWNING sticks fast at the first; for this is SHAKESPEARE's birthday, and the greatest of poets is the most renowned. There may be the truth represented in poetry in other ways than BROWNING's. TENNYSON is popular. Is he less a poet? The truth of nature may be told in other pictures than those of the Pre-Raphaelites, of the modern Frenchmen, or the Belgians, fine and faithful as they are. It certainly does not follow that Mr. KENSETT is not a sincere artist because Mr. FARRER is, any more than that ADDISON's style is bad because CARLYLE's is good. Does our friend the critic recall the little picture of FLECHER's in the Fair Gallery, the supper of the French Guard (we do not remember the exact title)? How carefully studied! How exquisitely and even subtly rendered! How it conveys the same moral, although in so different a manner, with the Goat Revel of BEARD's, which, instead of seeming to us too indecent to mention, is not without a startling strain of Rabelaisque satire and warning.

Or look at HENNESSY's Mother by the Cradle, in the National Academy Exhibition; how tender! how sincere! how careful! And yet in the various landscape works of Mr. KENSETT we find no less sincerity, fidelity, and care. Last evening the New Jersey heights toward Morristown were banked in solid purple against the "orange sunset waning slow," and it was not difficult to understand Mr. FARRER's picture. To-day the same hills float and glimmer in sunny haze, and KENSETT is justified. Last night the mazourkas of CHOPIN filled the moonlight with the vague figures of "dear dead women" in Venetian palaces. This morning it is *Mourir*

*pour la patrie* that rings through the sunshine. The truth of nature? Yes; but how infinitely various in spirit, in influence, in form!

## THE WASTE OF WAR.

As an illustration of the inevitable waste of war, and in connection with the song on our first page from the pen of MILES O'REILLY, it may be mentioned that one of our New York regiments re-entered the service after the first battle of Bull Run nine hundred strong. After participating in the toils and battles of the Peninsula, it carried over the Rappahannock into the battle of Fredericksburg 240 enlisted men and twenty officers. Two of the fullest companies, after crossing the river, were detailed on a duty which kept them out of actual fire, leaving the Colonel with but 168 men and 16 officers to take part in the storming of the heights. At the close of the day, 2 of the 16 officers were dead and 14 wounded; and of the men, 142 out of 168 were either killed or wounded. This regiment belonged to a brigade which left this city 3400 strong, there being four regiments in it; and which returned not many months ago, the four regiments having been consolidated, reduced to a battalion of 620 able-bodied men, under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Facts like these exhibit with sad emphasis the lamentable waste and exhaustion of life which the rebellion has occasioned. But while the holy war goes on, and homes are made desolate, and lives are stripped of their bloom, let us remember that through all Freedom is winning new triumphs, and that every heart that bleeds for her sake shall somewhere find its compensation, and every life that is bruised in her defense shall find brighter blossoms among its leaves than ever grew there before.

## THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

NOT only the critic, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, has been stirring the placid waters of our art life, but Mr. JOHN PHILLIPS writes a caustic letter to the Hanging Committee of the National Academy; and the friends of Mr. NEHLIG declare that the same gentlemen excluded a very fine work of his; and it is evident to every body that MAYER'S picture of the Sick Soldier and the Sister of Charity should have been hung upon "the line," while we have our own protest to make to the same gentlemen that the striking and beautiful picture of Mr. NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" should have been hung high in a corner out of sight, while Mr. HAYS'S Deer in the Water, a broad daylight effect, which hangs upon "the line" below Mr. NAST'S, could have been as well seen and studied had it been placed just above, and the small landscape been hung in the high corner.

Of course the Hanging Committee expect to be assailed. They always are. If the favorites of *nous autres*, the critics, are not well placed the Committee must pay the penalty. They lay their account with the exasperation of the artists and their friends. But why not be courteous? If you are an A. or an N. A., why not insist that Mr. NAST, or Mr. SWAIN, or Mr. PARTON, or whoever he may be, who is neither, shall have the place of honor? If the Academy Exhibition be designed merely to show the works of members of the Academy we do not complain, and we go thankfully and look at the pictures. But if it be meant for an exhibition of new pictures, often by fresh hands, then we go and ask that *some* of the new men shall have *some* of the best places.

The Exhibition this year is not large, but it is very good, notwithstanding the sharp rivalry of the Fair Gallery. CONSTANT MAYER'S "Consolation" (192), NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" (144), THORNDIKE'S "Wayside Inn," M'ENTEE'S "Woods and Fields in Autumn" (147), CRANCH'S "Venetian Views" (106 and 254), HENNESSY'S "Mother" (41), the rocks in HASELTINE'S "Iron-bound Coast of Maine" (153), LA FARGE'S "Fog blowing in" (54), are among the pictures which struck us upon a rapid glance through the gallery; others as interesting doubtless await us. M'ENTEE'S landscape is peculiarly beautiful and subtle; while NAST'S dead soldiers, whom the rising moon sees grouped around the gun faithful unto death, is a true ballad of the war.

There are not too many pictures for careful observation and study in detail. It is clear that the average excellence is much higher than that of previous years, and that the influence of the best contemporary European art is felt in our own. The new names that have vindicated their claim to honorable mention are many. LA FARGE is among them, who takes his place at a bound among our most promising painters. There is less obsequious and traditional work than heretofore, although the works of the distinctively Pre-Raphaelite school are not many.

Next week we shall look at some of the newest names upon the catalogue.

## THE OPERA.

THERE is something in the pertinacity of Mr. Manager MARETZEK which is truly admirable. Other managers come and go. They dazzle for a season. They are meteoric. But here, certainly for the sixteenth or seventeenth year, the indefatigable conductor takes his seat, and gives us the best opera we have had for many a day. We are very glad to know that he is here. We shall be still more glad to know that his success is equal to his deserts. In Brignoli he has the best and richest tenor we have had since Mario. We may say so much for an old servant of the public without paining the other admirable singers. Miss KELLOGG has "created" Marguerite in *Faust*, which has been more popular than any opera since the *Trovatore*. Give us, once or twice, the *Somnambula*, Mr. Manager, and *Lucrezia*, and, somehow, let us hear again the *Barber*. ROSSINI has been feasting PATTI in Paris—let the friends of PATTI in New York honor the old maestro in cheering his music.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

SENATE—*April* 14. The bill to enable the people of Nebraska to form a Constitution and State Government was passed without amendment.—Mr. Powell renewed his amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill repealing the fishing bounties, but afterward withdrew it. The bill was then passed with the amendments agreed to in Committee of the Whole, restoring the Naval Academy to Annapolis.—The bill to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company was passed.—Mr. Chandler introduced a bill, in addition to the several acts in relation to commercial intercourse between the loyal and insurrectionary States, providing for the collection of abandoned property, etc.—The House bill fixing the date of the loss of the brig *Bainbridge*, and for the relief of the officers, seamen, and marines of the same, passed—The joint resolution of thanks to Admiral Porter was adopted.—The House bill amending the act equalizing the grade of line officers in the Navy was passed.—Mr. Sherman reported a substitute for bill No. 106, prohibiting gold gambling, and especially designed to put an end to time-sales. Contracts for the purchase, or sale, or loan, or delivery, of gold or exchange at any time subsequent to the maturing of the contract, or for the payment of differences, etc., are prohibited under penalty of a fine which may be $10,000, and of imprisonment not to exceed a year. The bill further forbids dealings in gold except by owners in actual possession of the same, and confines all transactions and contracts in gold to the ordinary places of business of the parties to them, under the same penalties as above.——*April* 15. The session of the Senate was mainly occupied in debate upon Mr. Sherman's bill to prohibit speculation in gold. Several amendments were proposed and rejected, and the Senate adjourned without taking a vote on the proposition.——*April* 16. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill supplemental to the act to prevent frauds upon the Treasury of the United States. It enacts that any person heretofore or hereafter holding office, who may willfully neglect to or refuse to deliver to his successor any paper, record, book, or document, shall be guilty of felony.—The bill relating to donation claims in Oregon and California was passed.—The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of railroads in Wisconsin was passed.—Mr. Howard offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the late massacre of Union troops at Fort Pillow, and report as soon as possible.—The Senate took up the bill prohibiting speculative transactions in gold and foreign exchange. An amendment was adopted, making a uniform fine of $1000, instead of that heretofore of from $1000 to $10,000. The bill was then passed, 23 to 17.——*April* 18. Bills to ascertain the settlement of certain private land claims in California, and to aid in the construction of railroads in Minnesota were introduced.—Mr. Fessenden reported the Army Appropriation bill, with unimportant amendments; the only difference in the appropriations being the specific enumeration of items in hospital supplies, the aggregate being $8,987,640, instead of $8,935,640.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the House appropriation bill for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. The amendment increasing the appropriation to pay clerks and employés of the War Department some $500,000 was agreed to in Committee. An amendment was adopted increasing the pay of messengers and others to an amount not exceeding 20 per cent. and not over $900 per annum. The bill was not completed in Committee of the Whole.——*April* 19. Mr. Sherman's Pacific Railroad bill was reported with amendments.—A bill was passed to incorporate the inhabitants of the District of Columbia.—The House bill to amend the Enrollment act so as to raise the rank, pay, and emoluments of the Provost-Marshal-General to that of a Brigadier-General was passed.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill. An amendment was adopted providing for the publication of the laws in places contiguous to the rebellious States, that their dissemination among them may be the better secured. After a few unimportant amendments the bill was passed.—Mr. Sumner called up the bill to repeal all acts for the rendition of persons to service or labor. The bill passed to a third reading without debate. The Yeas and Nays were called for on its passage. Mr. Sumner said he did not intend to say a word about the bill; it was as plain as the multiplication table, a diary, or the Ten Commandments. Mr. Hendricks did not think that there should be such an amendment to the Constitution as this. Mr. Sherman always thought the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, and had no objection to its repeal now. He doubted the propriety of going back as far as 1793. He would give the loyal people of the South all their rights. The States, to a great extent, in which the law of 1793 was operative, were for themselves rapidly perfecting measures of entire emancipation. He moved to amend the bill by inserting "except the act approved February 12, 1793, for the rendition of persons from service or labor." This amendment was adopted. Without reaching a final vote the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—*April* 14. The House resumed the consideration of the resolution to expel Mr. Long. After a speech from Mr. Rogers in opposition to the resolution, Mr. Colfax accepted Mr. Broomall's substitute for his own resolution, declaring Mr. Long an unworthy member of the House, and on that demanded the previous question, which was ordered. Mr. Colfax then supported the proposition, which he had presented in the performance of his duty. He answered various gentlemen, contending that just such speeches as that of Mr. Long incited riots in New York and Illinois, and encouraged the enemy at Richmond and elsewhere, gladdening their hearts and strengthening their hands. The debate was continued by Mr. Long and Mr. Colfax until a late hour, when a vote was taken upon the first resolution, viz.: "That the said Alexander Long be, and he is hereby declared to be, an unworthy member of this House." This was adopted—Yeas, 80; Nays, 70. The second resolution, that the Speaker should read that already adopted to Mr. Long during the session of the House was laid on the table. The preamble setting forth Mr. Long's offense was then agreed to, and the House adjourned.——*April* 15. The House disagreed to the report of the Conference Committee recommending a concurrence in the Senate amendment to the bill organizing the Territory of Montana, striking out the qualification of "white" voters, and substituting "every male citizen of the United States, and those who have declared their intention to become such."—A bill authorizing the establishing of an ocean mail-steamship service between the United States and Brazil was passed. The bill authorizes the Postmaster-General to unite with the Post-office Department of Brazil in establishing direct mail communication between the two countries, by means of a monthly line of first-class sea-going steamers, of not less than two thousand tons each, of sufficient number to perform twelve round trips per annum between a United States port north of the Potomac River and Rio Janeiro, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and at Bahia and Pernambuco, provided that the expense to the United States shall not exceed $200,000 per annum.—Bills establishing a postal money-order system, and compelling all railroads to carry the mails, were also passed.—The joint resolution to dispose of the unemployed Generals was postponed for ten days.——*April* 16. The Military Committee was instructed to inquire as to the expediency of connecting Cincinnati with Cumberland Gap, as recommended by the President in his Annual Message, in 1861.—Resolutions from the Legislature of New York, asking that General Robert Anderson be placed on the retired list, with full pay, were referred to the Military Committee.—A report and bill to facilitate immigration were presented by the select committee on that subject, and ordered to be printed. It is estimated that a million and a quarter of men have been withdrawn from industrial pursuits since the war began, and the object of the bill referred to is to fill the vacuum.—The Committee on Elections reported adversely to Mr. Kitchen's claim to represent the Seventh Virginia District, which lies contiguous to the District of Columbia; but the House adopted a resolution declaring him entitled to a seat.—A joint resolution was unanimously adopted that the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, or such members thereof as the Committee may designate, proceed at once to Fort Pillow and examine into the facts and circumstances attending the recent attack and capture of the fort by rebels, and that they report with as little delay as possible.—The bill amendatory of the National Bank act was then taken up. Mr. Fenton offered an amendment, which was agreed to by ten majority, authorizing States to pay a partial tax upon the banks, whereupon the bill was ordered to a third reading.——*April* 18. Bills were introduced to amend the Pension laws, and to regulate the pay of certain officers of the army.—Mr. Wilson offered a resolution, which was adopted, that after to-day, until otherwise ordered, excepting Saturday, the House will take a recess at 4½ P.M., to meet again at 7 for the transaction of business. During the day session the House will consider the Internal Revenue bill, etc., and such of the evening session bills as the House may order.—Resolutions were adopted that it is the duty of Congress to raise the taxes and increase the duties on imports so as to largely increase the revenue of the Government.—Mr. Stevens then made three attempts to secure the passage of a joint resolution that from and after its passage until July 1, 1864, all the duties and imposts on imported goods and wares and merchandise, now provided for by law, be increased by the increase of 50 per centum, and that upon all goods now imported free and exempt from duty, there shall be paid 10 per centum ad valorem. In each case the House voted down the resolution.—The National Bank bill was passed, 78 to 63. The bill confines the entire notes for circulation issued under this act to $300,000,000, not more than one-sixth of them to be of less denomination than five dollars; small notes to cease after the resumption of specie payments. Every association may charge on any loan or discount interest at a rate not exceeding 7 per centum per annum. The places of redemption, St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Albany, San Francisco, and Portland. No association shall have a less capital than $100,000, nor less than $200,000 if in a city of more than 50,000 inhabitants. Any State bank may become a National association by the name prescribed in its organization certificate.—The House insisted on its disagreement on the Montana Territorial bill, and asked another Committee of Conference.—Mr. Morrill offered a resolution proposing that until July 1 the foreign duties be increased 25 per centum, and articles now free pay 5 per centum. He moved a suspension of the rules, but no quorum voted. The vote stood 80 Yeas against 4 Nays. Mr. Morrill said the purpose was distinctly manifested in the House not to make provision for carrying on the Government. Then there was a call of the House, but before it was completed an adjournment took place.——*April* 19. The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the House resolution so as to read that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the truth of the rumors attending the recent attack on Fort Pillow, and whether that fort could not have been sufficiently reinforced; and report the facts as soon as possible.—The House then went into Committee on the Internal Tax bill. Speeches were made by Messrs. Morrill, Stebbins, Brooks, Kasson, and others, after which the Committee rose; when Mr. Garfield proceeded to make good his former assertions by producing a letter from Judge Eckles of Indiana, which came into his possession, recommending a young man to John C. Breckinridge as desirous of entering the service of the South in some capacity, and safely commending him as a faithful man.—At the evening session the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad bill was taken up, when Mr. Wilson offered a substitute therefor, namely, that for the better regulation of commerce among the several States, every railroad company in the United States, whose road is operated by steam, be and is hereby authorized to transport freight and passengers from one State to another, any thing in the law of any State to the contrary notwithstanding. The consideration of the bill was postponed for two weeks.—The House passed the bill authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge over the falls of the Ohio, near Louisville.—Mr. Rice reported a bill setting apart the old House of Representatives as a National Statuary Hall, the several States being invited to send thither statues, in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number, for each of their most illustrious civic or military men.—After several speeches on the bill for the reconstruction of rebellious States the House adjourned.

### THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The principal event of the week in the Southwest is the massacre at Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, of which we give an account elsewhere.

General Steele has reached a point on the Little Missouri River in Southwestern Arkansas, where he expected to effect a junction on the 8th of April with a force under General Thayer from Fort Smith. On the 2d the rebel General Shelby attacked General Steele's rear-guard under General Rice, with 1200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, and was repulsed with the loss of 100 killed and wounded. Our loss was 44 killed and wounded, and 15 prisoners. On the 4th the rebel General Marmaduke attacked General Steele, with 3000 or 4000 cavalry and five pieces of artillery, on the south side of the Little Missouri River, and after five hours' fighting was repulsed with the loss of 4 killed and 23 wounded. Our loss was 23 wounded.

The rebels in Southern Alabama are showing some signs of activity. A large force is said to be concentrating at Pollard to operate on the line of the railroad from Pensacola to Montgomery. Most terrible persecutions are inflicted on the Southern people in that vicinity who try to evade the conscription. Hundreds of men and women are concealed in the swamps, and many die of starvation.

General Hincks, commanding at Point Lookout, Maryland, returned on the 14th from an expedition across the Potomac into Virginia, having captured $50,000 worth of tobacco on its way from Richmond to Baltimore, and also having taken prisoners a gang of blockade-runners.

The Red River expedition has met with disaster. Advancing from Alexandria toward Shreveport, General Banks's army passed Grand Ecore, sixty miles from Alexandria, on April 6, the fleet having, meanwhile, got within one hundred miles of Shreveport. On the 8th our cavalry, after driving the enemy for two days, were attacked in force at Pleasant Hill, De Soto Parish, Louisiana, and infantry coming up, a stubborn battle ensued, resulting in the rout of our whole force. The Nineteenth Army Corps finally came up and checked the enemy, who were 10,000 strong. Our loss was over 2000. The enemy also lost heavily. General Ransom, who commanded the Third and Fourth Divisions, was wounded in the early part of the fight. The Chicago Mercantile Battery lost all its guns, and four officers and twenty-two men. The army fell back to Grand Ecore, and would there reorganize. At last accounts Alexandria was strongly defended. A large Union meeting was held there on the 4th of April, and over five hundred citizens had taken the oath under the Amnesty Proclamation.

It is reported from Chattanooga that Hardee's corps of Johnston's rebel army has left Dalton, Georgia, and is supposed to have been ordered to Virginia.

The rebel forces have retreated from Eastern Kentucky. A dispatch from Louisville says that, on the 14th, Colonel Gallup, while falling back to get an advantageous position, attacked 1000 rebels, killing and wounding 25, including a rebel Colonel, and capturing 50 rebels, 100 horses, and 200 saddles.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A large emancipation mass meeting was held in Knoxville, Tennessee, on the 16th of April. Resolutions favoring emancipation, recommending a Convention to effect it, and requesting Governor Johnson to call the same at the earliest possible period; and indorsing the Administration and the war policy of President Lincoln were unanimously carried.

A dispatch from the Army of the Potomac says that on the 15th inst. a party of rebel cavalry made an attack on the pickets at Bristow Station, but were driven off after a brisk skirmish. One man was killed and two wounded, belonging to the Thirteenth Pennsylvania. Several of the rebels were wounded, but were carried off by their comrades. The mail train, with General Grant on board, had just passed a few minutes before the attack was made, and it is supposed the intention was to capture him.

A large force of rebel cavalry appeared at the Sulphur Springs, on the Rappahannock, six miles from Warrenton, on the 18th, and it is understood has been moving in the direction of Leesburg.

The steamer *Alliance*, built on the Clyde, a famous blockade-runner, was captured on the 12th of April near Dawfuskie Island, in the Savannah River, where she ran aground. All but six of her crew were taken prisoners. She was from Nassau, with a cargo of assorted stores for the rebel Government valued at $85,000.

Nassau papers state that Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington are less rigidly blockaded than ever. They also say that fast steamers are coming into Nassau with supplies for the rebels, which promise large profits.

The Savannah *Republican* of the 4th inst. says that the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Georgia, are dying at the rate of 20 to 25 a day.

Five hundred and sixty-three sick and wounded Union prisoners from Richmond arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 17th.

We learn from North Carolina that the attempt to enforce the rebel conscription in the western part of that State resulted in the hanging of the officers who endeavored to carry it out.

Captain Phelps, of the gun-boat No. 26, captured a rebel mail-carrier near Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas, on the 4th, with five hundred letters from Richmond and other points, and sixty thousand percussion caps for General Price's army. The letters contained official communications for Shreveport, and a considerable sum of Federal money.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### EUROPE.

#### THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

HOSTILITIES in Schleswig and Holstein are actively continued. From Copenhagen and from Gravenstein we learn that a heavy bombardment of Düppel took place on Sunday, April 3, and that Sonderburg was set on fire in several places. An attempt is to be made to cross over into the Island of Alsen, and thus turn the Danish position. Should this manœuvre be successfully accomplished, the Danes would be placed in a most critical condition. The official journal of Dresden asserts that Denmark has now officially notified her acceptance of the Conference without armistice and without basis. The *Flyveposten*, a Copenhagen paper, states that M. De Quaade, Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Privy Councilor Krieger are to represent Denmark at the Conference. Lord Palmerston has announced, in the House of Commons, that all the Powers that signed the Treaty of 1852 have consented to send representatives to the Conference.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

Garibaldi has arrived in England, and met with a most enthusiastic reception. At Southampton he was the guest of the Mayor, and at London will be the guest of the Duke of Sutherland.

The *Alexandra* case has been decided by the House of Lords against the Crown.

In the House of Commons, on the 5th, Lord Clanricarde moved for the correspondence relating to the dismissal of British Consuls from Southern ports, when Earl Russell, in reply, defended the action of Lord Lyons, and showed that the said Consuls had been dismissed for a good and sufficient reason—for using their official positions to aid the rebels.

Mr. Stansfeld had resigned his position in the Government, as Junior Lord of the Treasury, because of the connection of his name with Mazzini and the Greco conspiracy.

#### MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

The difficulty which had arisen in the Imperial family of Austria respecting the presumptive right of Archduke Maximilian to the Austrian Crown has been settled. The Council of the family wished the Archduke to resign his right in case the Crown should revert to him, but the Archduke hesitated to comply with this request.

Rumors that Maximilian's acceptance of the Mexican throne were doubtful are again in circulation. It was reported that the Courts of London, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Spain, and France, have agreed to recognize the Emperor of Mexico immediately on his accession.

Dates from Mexico are to the 22d of March. The treason of Vidaurri is confirmed; he had 2000 men in Monterey; Doblado was marching from Saltillo to give him battle, and another force was coming up from Durango. The report that the latter place had fallen into the hands of the French is not true. Nueva Leon and Coahuila had acknowledged Juarez's authority, and were raising men to oppose Vidaurri. The French had been driven from Chiapas, Tabasco, and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Colima has been occupied by the French. Proposals have been made to old Juan Alvarez to acknowledge the Empire. He declined to listen to them, and said that the French were the enemies of his country, and he would resist them to the last extremity. It is believed that the French will find the mountaineers of Guerrero among their most unconquerable enemies in Mexico.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Several new engagements have taken place in Poland between the insurgents and the Russians.

The Japanese embassadors, with a suite of fifty persons, have arrived at Suez. Besides Paris, where they are to apologize to the Emperor for the misdeeds of the Tycoon, they are to visit London, Vienna, and also Switzerland, whither they are going to see an existing republic.

#### BRAZIL.

In the Brazilian Senate a proposition that foreigners should not be allowed to hold slaves in Brazil was rejected. Owing to the failure of rains in the sowing season there was a frightful famine in the Island of St. Jago, Cape de Verdes. Numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants were dying of starvation in the streets.

## ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE report of the Commissary-General of Prisoners, accompanying the Secretary of War's report, has just been published. It shows that the number of rebel officers and men captured by us since the beginning of the war is: 1 Lieutenant-General, 5 Major-Generals, 25 Brigadier-Generals, 186 Colonels, 146 Lieutenant-Colonels, 244 Majors, 2497 Captains, 5811 Lieutenants, 16,563 non-commissioned officers, 121,156 privates, and 5800 citizens. Of these we had on hand at the date of the report 29,229 officers and men, among whom were 1 Major-General and 7 Brigadiers. There have been 121,937 rebels exchanged against 110,866 Union men returned.

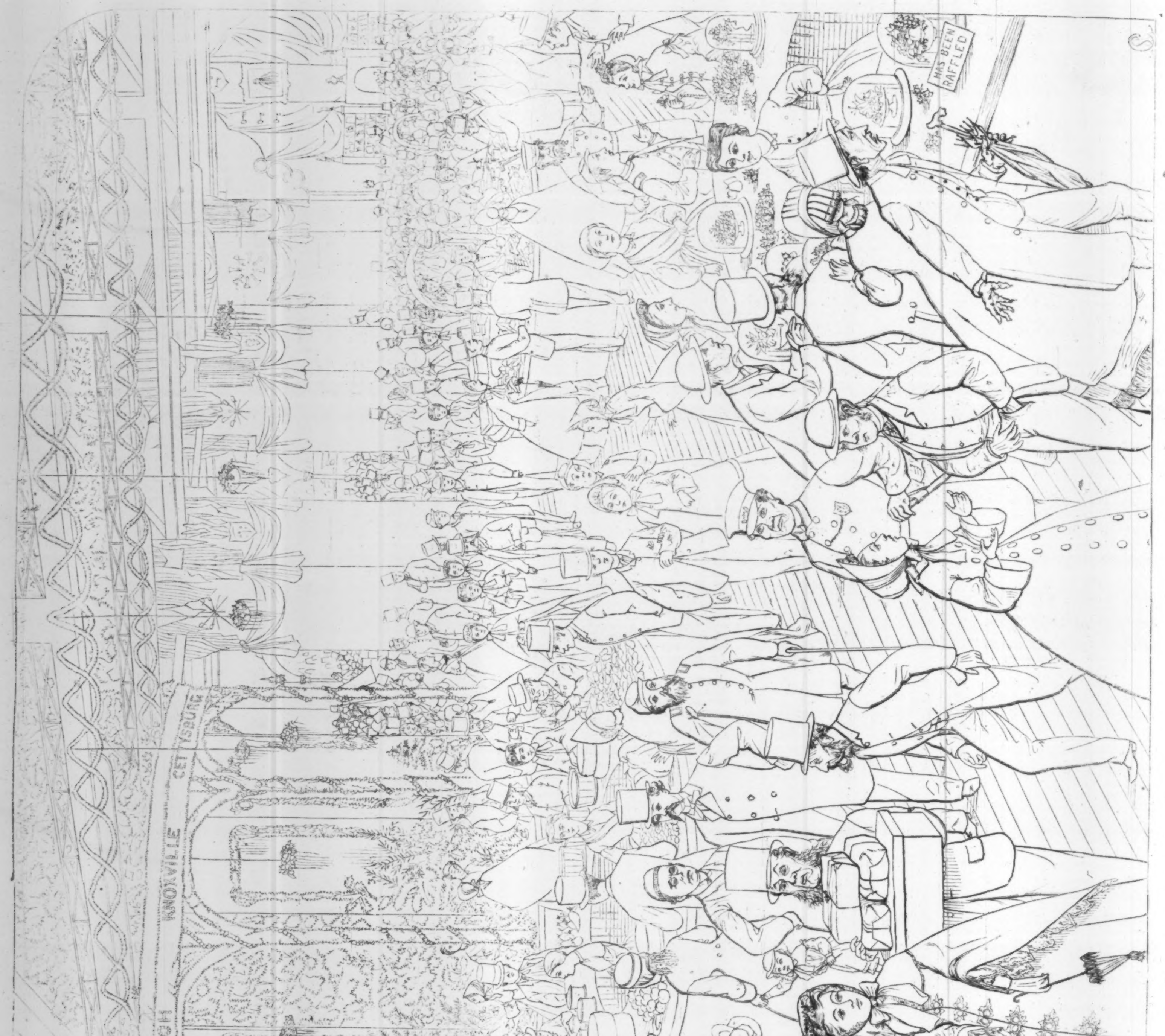
The new steam gun-boat *Chenango*, while proceeding to sea on the 15th, when abreast of Fort Richmond, in New York Harbor, burst her port boiler, killing one man, and horribly scalding 32 others, among them three of the officers of the Engineer Department. The *Chenango* was sadly shattered, and was towed to the Navy-Yard for repairs. The unfortunate sufferers were transferred to the United States Naval Hospital, where every thing possible was done for their relief. Twenty-two of the number subsequently died.

The nominations of Captain HAWKINS and Colonels WILD, BIRNEY, CHETHAM, and PILE, as Brigadier-Generals in the Volunteer forces, have been confirmed by the Senate.

General KILPATRICK has been relieved from duty with the Army of the Potomac, and ordered to report to General SHERMAN at Memphis. He is succeeded in the command of the Third Cavalry Division by General WILSON.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War, after consultation with the President and Secretary of War, determined to send a sub-committee, composed of Senator WADE and Representative GOOCH, to Fort Pillow, to inquire into all the facts relating to that affair.

General GRANT, accompanied by Major-Generals HANCOCK, WARREN, and BIRNEY, together with a large number of Division and Brigade Commanders, reviewed General SEDGWICK'S Sixth Corps on the 18th. The Commanding General afterward reviewed the Reserve Artillery. The Second Army Corps, Major-General HANCOCK, and the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps were reviewed by General GRANT on the 19th.


NEW ORLEANS
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HAS BEEN RAFFLED

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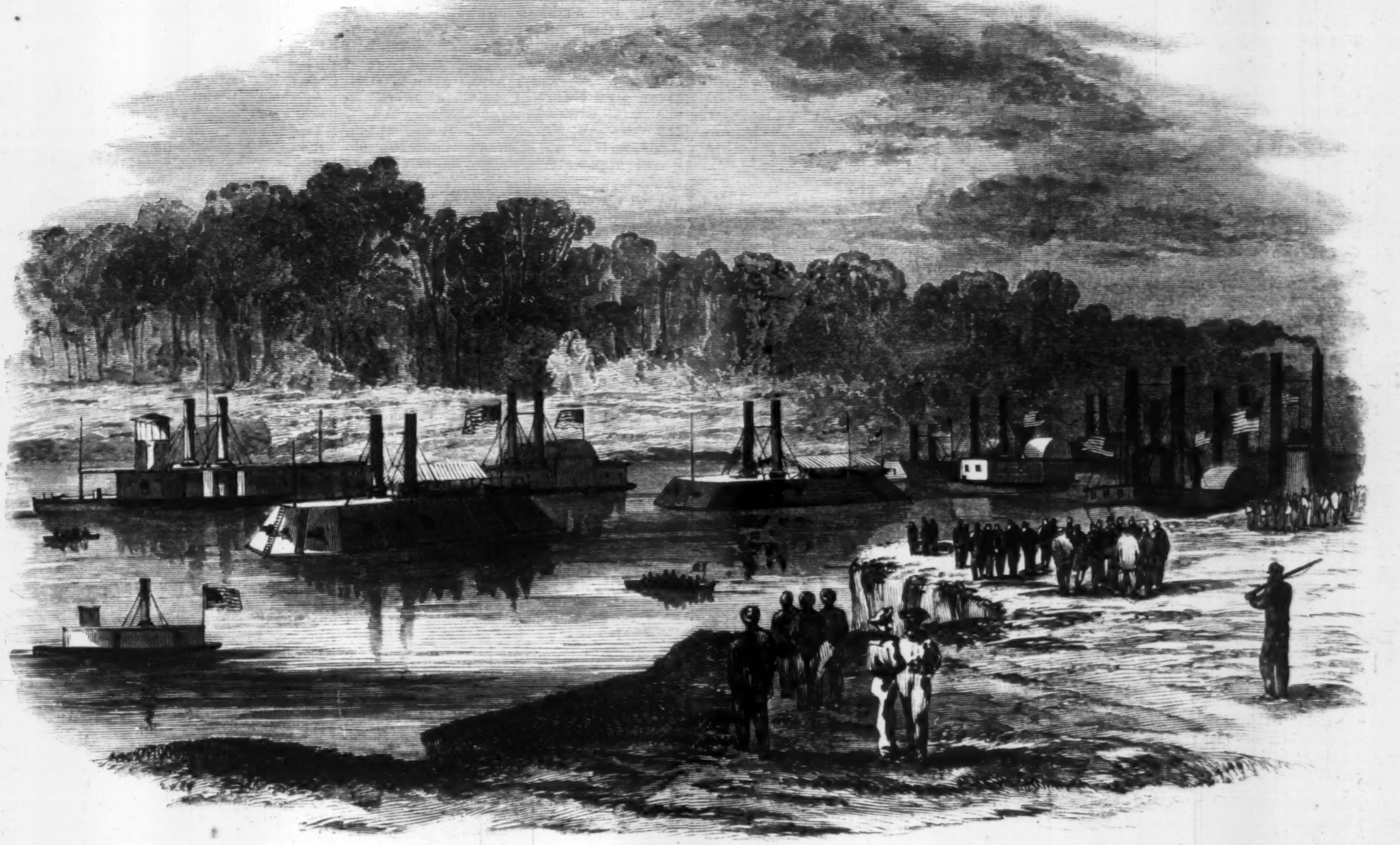


ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLOTILLA.

## SKETCHES OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

We give on this page three sketches illustrative of the Red River Expedition, which has so far been attended with such marked success. Fort De Russy, which is here accurately presented, was captured by our forces on the 15th of March last. The fort was a formidable work, quadrangular in shape, with bastions, and bomb-proof, covered with railroad iron. A powerful water-battery connected with the fort, the casemates of which were considered capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. It is said, however, that the gun-boat *Essex* tried some of her guns on these casemates, and succeeded in sending her shot straight through them. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing the fort and adjacent works, all the guns of which, upon its capture, fell into our hands, including one belonging to the *Indianola* when she was captured by the rebels.

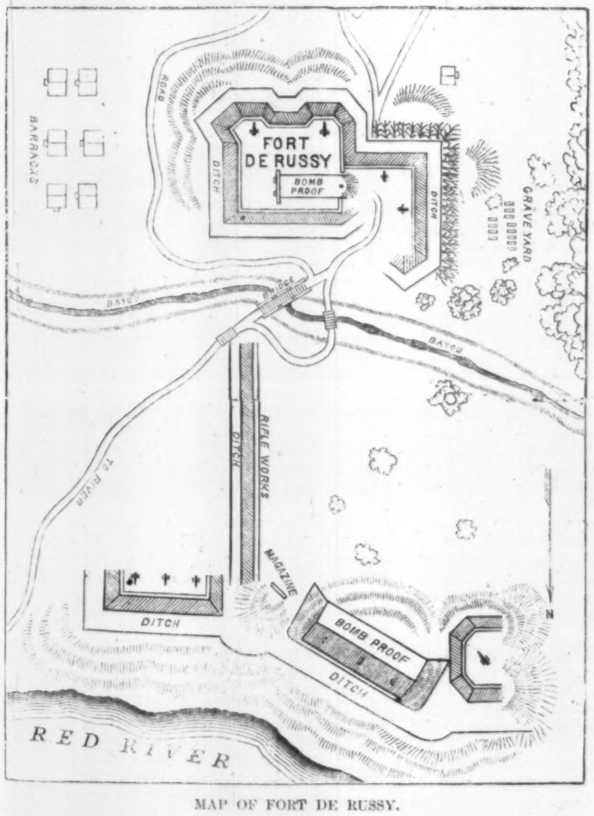
Our sketch of the celebrated ram *Switzerland*, belonging to the Mississippi squadron, represents her as she appeared in "full dress" on the 22d of February last. This ram will be remembered as having attempted, with the *Lancaster*, to run the Vicksburg batteries on the 25th of March, 1863, when the *Lancaster* was sunk and the *Switzerland* badly disabled.

Admiral Porter's flotilla, which has done excellent service, consists of twenty-two gun-boats, together with several supply steamers, hospital-boats, etc. Among the vessels are the following: *Fort Herman*, 7 guns; *Cricket*, 8 guns; *Lafayette*, 9 guns; *Neosho*, 3 guns: *Oscark*, 2 guns; *Eastport*, 9 guns; *Choctaw*, 8 guns; *Osage*, 3 guns; *Chillicothe*, 4 guns; *Louisville*, 14 guns; *Carondelet*, 14 guns; *Benton*, 18 guns; *Pittsburg*, 14 guns; *Gazette*, 8 guns; *Mound City*, 14 guns; *General Price*, 4 guns; *Lexington*, 8 guns; *Ouachita*, 3 guns; *Black Hawk*, 13 guns. Of these, the *Osage* and *Oscark* are turreted. The *Lafayette*, *Eastport*, *Choctaw*, *Chillicothe*, *Benton*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Pittsburg*, *Mound City*, and *Essex* are iron-clads. The *Lexington* is one of the three wooden boats first put in commission on the Mississippi. The *Ouachita* and *Black Hawk* are formidable wooden vessels partially plated. The others are denominated tin-clads. Our sketch was taken as the vessels were lying near Alexandria, preparing to go up the river. At last accounts they had passed the obstructions placed in the channel by the rebels, and were approaching Shreveport.

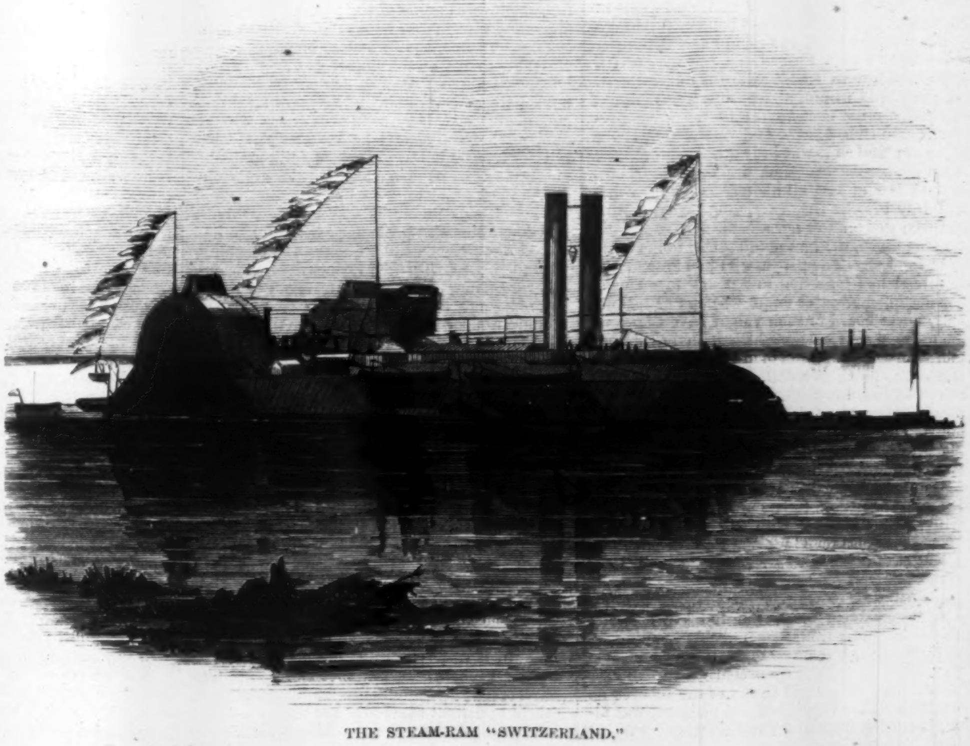
The opening of the Red River region has placed within our reach a vast amount of cotton, which the enemy had stored away for export or sale. On the 17th 800 bales from near Fort De Russy reached Cairo, and large quantities were still awaiting transportation at the date of our last advices. In the vicinity of Shreveport thousands of bales are believed to be hidden away; and should our army arrive in time to prevent its destruction a large sum must be realized from this source. While thus weakening the rebels in the seizure of one of their main elements of strength, the advance of the Federal forces has also achieved a vast positive advantage in delivering the loyal people from the oppression which has so long restrained them. The moment the old flag was restored hundreds of citizens seem to have come forward rejoicingly to testify their devotion to the cause it symbolizes. Many who had been exiled from their homes hastened to resume their old places, and aid in the necessary work of social and civil reconstruction; all animated, according to the newspaper accounts, by an intense hostility, not only to the rebellion, but to slavery, as its great cause and principal source of strength. Thus Freedom is every where achieving its own revenges.

## THE PRESS ON THE FIELD.

We give on pages 280 and 281 a view illustrating a very important department of every army—namely, the Newspaper Brigade. Every large camp in the present war has had in it some representative of our leading journals; and the country is more indebted to these industrious, energetic, and courageous reporters for early and authentic accounts of battles and important movements than the mass of our people usually admit. But for these enterprising and adventurous spirits, who penetrate into all sorts of dangers, and sketch, with the hail of battle falling around them, the scenes and actions in which the public has so great an interest, we must very often have remained in ignorance for days and weeks of events vitally affecting our interests and happiness. Nor is this all: the materials for the history of this great conflict are furnished almost entirely by these gatherers of "things great and small" on the field, and posterity would be wholly ignorant, but for them, of that vast body of incident and adventure which finds no mention in official reports, and which is absolutely necessary to a proper appreciation of central facts and events.




MAP OF FORT DE RUSSY.



THE STEAM-RAM "SWITZERLAND."

## THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

The seed of Liberty was sown
Upon our soil long years ago,
And strong men watched it day by day,
To clear each noxious weed away,
That the young plant might grow.

The storm descended in its might,
And down the heavy hailstones fell;
While far-off nations smiling, said,
"The storm prevails—the seed is dead!"
But the earth kept it well.

And when at last the sun shone out,
And the tempestuous time was o'er,
The seed unfolded to a tree,
Bearing the fruit of Liberty
To scatter on our shore.

Tyrants frowned on its rapid growth—
Their stern revilings filled the air—
But up from North, South, East, and West,
Came the wise men, and the oppress'd,
To see a tree so rare;

And beg some of the precious seed
To plant in lands beyond the sea,
Till where'er stood a tyrant's throne,
The seeds of this young tree were sown,
Bidding the world be free!

Once more the fierce storm rages round,
Once more the rain falls thick and fast,
Stripped of its foliage, grim and bare,
The tree stands in the tempest's glare,
Careening to the blast.

Its branches sway from side to side,
Its broken limbs bestrew the ground;
But from the raging of the storm,
Deep in the earth, secure and warm,
The roots lie safe and sound.

And still above the friendly soil
The sturdy trunk unyielding stands,
And on the branches that remain,
Fresh buds are swelling out again
For all the weary lands.

O noble tree of Liberty!
The storm in vain doth thee assail;
In vain thy foes may gather round
To rend thee quivering from the ground,
For thou shalt still prevail!

Still tower aloft thy giant form,
Abroad thy leafy branches wave;
Scatter the good seed far and wide—
On lonely heath—on mountain side—
On every patriot's grave!

Bid the whole earth the lesson learn,
That where'er Freedom's seed takes root,
Though often sown in doubt, or haste,
Not one shall die, nor turn to waste,
Nor cease from bearing fruit.

# QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### LILY BEGINS TO LEARN THINGS.

Rhododendron House was to Lily a mysterious monster, a dragon that devoured children. After the first "getting-up bell," the first prayer-meeting, and the first school breakfast, he gobbled her up; and she, a very small Jonah indeed, became absorbed in him, and dwelt in his immensity. Of the great boiling, turbid sea of the external world she could know nothing—the dragon's jaws formed the entrance to the school, and were garnished with many fangs. So she abode within, and at first trembled, but gradually grew accustomed to the arched-inwards, and ribbed sides, and vast viscera of the monster; and as it was her nature to love things when she became accustomed to them, the school dragon lost at last all his terrors for the child, and Lily became that exceeding rarity, a little girl who was fond of her school.

Quite alone, she had nothing else in the world to be fond of. The people who had brought her to school had forgotten to put any toys among her needments. Her exquisite papa had, probably, never heard of such vulgar frivolities, and Jean Baptiste Constant had, perhaps, matters more important to think of at the moment. Lily had not so much as a doll. The rough old play-things she used to potter about with in the plasterer's house soon faded into the nothingness of oblivion. So, too, did the plasterer himself, and his wife her old nurse, and their little boy her foster-brother. First, she forgot their names, and only bore them in mind as the good people far away, who used to be fond of her, and romp with her, and bear with her little tempers. Then, the plasterer's face and form began to be a matter of doubt, and she could not tell whether he had red hair or black hair—whether he wore a beard, or whiskers, or both, or neither. Curiously, she remembered latest his strong ribbed corduroy trowsers—probably because she had careered on them so many times cock-horse to Coventry, and she connected with these garments the strong acrid fumes of the tobacco he smoked. Blue vapor, hot and pungent, was always curling from that excellent man; without his pipe Lily would have lost her last definite conception of her foster-father. But the pipe went out at last, and the smoke mingled with the clouds, and drifted away into space. The boy, her playmate, she forgot in one sudden landslip of recollection. He was there, for a moment, with a rough head she used to touzle, a top he used to spin for her amusement, a back that was always at her service. He was her horse, her dog, her coach, her ship, her steam-engine, but all at once his fastenings loosened, and he tumbled down into the gulf forever. And then, last of all, poor nurse went. Lily clung to her image as long as ever she could, and struggled hard to retain it, but the inevitable law asserted it, and nurse melted away. She came to have two faces, like Janus, and then none at all. Her hands and feet disappeared in a wreath of filmy imaginations. Long after that her checked apron remained—the apron on which Lily used to sit before the fire, warm and dry and glowing from her bath, purring like a kitten—the apron which had strings to be pulled, and twisted, and untied by her uncertain little fingers, to the great discomfort, but never-failing delight of the good woman—the apron to whose corner Lily used to cling in her first venturesome excursions into the back garden. But the apron was doomed. The records of that court of exchequer crumbled into decay, and away went nurse, apron, and all, not to be remembered again on this side death, when—oh! joy for some, and woe unutterable to others—we shall remember every thing.

This last holdfast being taken away, what remained? Rhododendron House, and nothing more. The apparition of the two strange men who had brought her by night to school had scarcely ruffled the surface of the lake, had scarcely breathed upon the mirror. They could scarcely have been forgotten, for they had never been remembered. When the Miss Bunnycastles spoke to Lily about her papa, and told her that he was a perfect gentleman, and brought a man-servant with him who was almost as grand a gentleman as he, she could respond only by a vacant stare. She knew no papa. Little by little there came over her a vague consciousness that she ought properly to have one, for most of the young ladies were continually vaunting their possession of such a parent; and when she was about six, she toddled up one day to Mr. Drax, when he was paying one of his periodical visits, and, with a very grave and knowledge-seeking visage, asked him this alarming question: "Missa Drax, are you my pappa?" The discreet medical practitioner was dreadfully disconcerted at this crude interrogatory. Old Mrs. Bunnycastle bleated, "Lawk a' mercy, what next?" Two of the Miss Bunnycastles tittered; but the third, Miss Barbara, told Lily, severely, that she would never be any thing better than a little idiot.

Meanwhile she had set herself, first intuitively, next of her own volition, to learn things. I don't mean lessons. For the first year all the resources of the law of kindness were powerless to teach her even her lessons; and although Miss Barbara had a dim impression that she should properly by this time be deep in the mysteries of Mangnall, she forebore, after a while, to set her tasks which she could not by any possibility grasp even the remotest meaning of, and consoled herself with the thought that there was plenty of time to rescue her from the perilous condition of a dunce. So Lily was left to a few books that had pictures in them, and but few attempts were made to drum the significance of the accompanying letter-press into her head. She was too small to stand up in a class—too small to have copy-books, or good marks, or bad marks—too small for any thing, in fact, save to wander or trot about as she listed, from house to playground, from play-ground to school-ground—now talking to the furniture, and now to the teachers—now listening, with demure astonishment, to the eloquence of Mrs. Bunnycastle, which was Greek to her—to the orations of the governesses, which were Hebrew to her—and to the monotonous drone of the young ladies, as at appointed times and seasons they repeated their lessons. In fine, she became as much a pet and plaything in the establishment as any very tiny domestic animal that was neither troublesome nor spiteful, but very playful and very affectionate, might have been. Miss Barbara was of opinion that she should be kept "strict;" but at last even she joined in the general concession, and seemed to be as fond of Lily as every one else in the house was.

But all this time Lily was learning things. She knew the play-ground by heart. She had almost a pre-Raphaelite acquaintance, mentally, with the bricks, with their various hues, now red, now russet, now purple; with the mossy rime that covered some of them, with the small beetles that did wonderful acrobatic feats on their acclivities, rivaling the soldiers of General Wolfe, who marched up rocks that were quite perpendicular. She knew the tears which the strong mortar had shed on first being laid between the courses, and which the trowel had forgotten to scrape away—tears which the air had hardened into imperishable durability. She knew the spider's web in the southwest angle, by the holly-bush. She was on speaking-terms with the spider (a monstrous glutton, who died at last of delirium tremens, brought on by eating a blue-bottle who had tipsified himself with the saccharine fermentation of fivepence-halfpenny moist at a grocer's shop in High Street, Clapham, and so had staggered to Stockwell, to be devoured and die). She knew that the spider did not always dwell in his web, but that he lay in wait, sometimes, in a little cavern or niche in the bricks, where a French bean peg once had been. The gravel of the play-ground was familiar to her, and a thrill of delight came over her when she found among the pebbles one day a broken shell. She knew all about the miniature allotment gardens which the most meritorious among the five-and-thirty were permitted to cultivate, and where they cultivated mustard-and-cress, to be afterward consumed on half-holidays afternoons at tea-time—mustard-and-cress which tasted hot as ginger to the tongue, and was rather uncomfortably gritty to the teeth. Into these garden-beds the young ladies frequently emptied the proceeds of their pocket-money, in the guise of small brown paper packets of seeds, presumably containing the germs of rare and gorgeous flowers, but which generally ended in disappointment, coming up in various forms of weediness or scrubbiness, but never turning out to be geraniums, or fuschias, or any thing practical. Then was there not the speculative Miss Newton, who was always planting acorns in the fond hope that some time between their plantation and her going home for the holidays they would sprout up into giant oaks? Was there not Miss Close, the miserly boarder, who buried halfpence, nay fourpenny pieces even, in her two flower-plots? And then Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, had a dandy set of garden-tools, all shining in iron and newly-turned wood—tools which excited the bitter envy of her companions, who had usually about one half-toothless rake, and one bent spade with a broken handle, to half a dozen horticulturists—tools which she didn't know how to use, and which brought her at last to signal grief and mortification?

All these things were noted by Lily; likewise the grim little back-door, fast bolted and barred, which, in former times, had communicated with Mr. Jagg's garden—the cross old gentleman next door. That door was as much an object of grave and wistful contemplation to Lily as the Debtors' door of Newgate is to some grown people. Would it ever open? Why was it closed? What was there behind it? Mr. Jagg hated the Bunnycastles, and the Bunnycastles hated Mr. Jagg. He spoke scornfully of the five-and-thirty boarders as "a pack of young hussies," and spitefully lopped off half the spreading branches of his best cherry-tree because a bough overhung the wall of the Bunnycastle play-ground. Whereupon Miss Celia Bunnycastle called in a cunning worker in iron, and caused him to erect a formidable palisade of spikes on the wall, as though to repel any attempts at midnight escalade for nefariously amative purposes by Jagg. Jagg denied the legal right of the Bunnycastles to erect this chevaux-de-frise. There was much acrimonious correspondence; the solicitors of the rival houses were consulted; Jagg only refrained from going to law with Rhododendron House because Rhododendron House had him on the hip, in the fact of one of the maid-servants making solemn asseveration that he was not only in the scandalous habit of winking at her when she went out on errands, but had on one occasion had the unmanly brutality to tell her that she was a "duck." Had justice taken cognizance of the wretch's misdeeds it would have been an aggravated assault case at the very least—supposing, at least, that wholesome statute to have been in force at the period. The feud at last was compromised, and the chevaux-de-frise was suffered to rust in peace. They were not very firmly fixed, and half of the spikes tumbled over into Jagg's garden: who avenged himself, let us hope, by forthwith disposing of them at marine stores.

There had been, of course, a primary cause for this envenomed quarrel, but it was wrapt in uncertainty. A teacher who had gone away knew all about it, but to the existing generation it was a mystery. Some said that Mr. Jagg, a widower with one daughter, had wished the Bunnycastles to take her on reduced terms, but that they had declined—standing out to the last that washing, music, and seat at church, should be extras. Others declared that the ladies of Rhododendron House had manifested an almost unseemly anxiety to secure Miss Jagg as an inmate; but that her uncivil parent had contumeliously declared that he would sooner send her to a charity school than to the Bunnycastles. Finally, it was darkly bruited about among the elder girls that, not so many months before, a treaty of alliance, offensive, defensive, and matrimonial, had been in contemplation between the houses of Jagg and Bunnycastle—Miss Celia being the high contracting party of the last-named family. But the treaty had come—as treaties often do—to nothing; and this was why, perhaps, the Saint Scholasticas of Rhododendron House always spoke of the crusty widower as a monster, a villain, and a base wretch; while the unfeeling Jagg, on his side, and with characteristic coarseness, declared, laying a scornful finger by the side of his ribald nose, that he had found out the whole thing was a Plant, and had declared off in time.

This was not among the things that Lily learned; but the mention of the barred-up door reminded me of the great Bunnycastle and Jagg vendetta. It is time, however, to go indoors. There, the things that the child learned were manifold. Into the drawing-room and the supper-parlor beyond she was but rarely permitted to peep, but she studied all the bedrooms—from Mrs. Bunnycastle's imposing chamber to the less pretentious apartments occupied by the Miss Bunnycastles, and the dormitories, numbered one to five, where the five-and-thirty boarders slept on seventeen and a half iron bedsteads. The half bed was a turn-up one—an impostor—by day an escritoire. The law of kindness had, somehow, omitted to enact that the pupils should not sleep two in a bed; and Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, was the only young lady in statu pupillari privileged to have an entire bed—it was the half one, the impostor—to herself.

There were all kinds of things to be learned in these bedrooms—things grave, and things gay. There were hours of musing evoked from huge chests of drawers—as to whether they grew there, and what they held. There were fearful speculations as to the birds and flowers on chintz draperies, and dreadful images conjured up of what, or who, might be hidden behind heavy curtains, or under Mrs. Bunnycastle's four-poster, or within the parapet of the great canopied tester. There were looking-glasses to be furtively glanced in, and then run away from; portraits and engravings on the walls to study; Moses in the Bulrushes, and Jephtha's Rash Vow; Abraham's Sacrifice, and his late Royal Highness the Duke of York in full regimentals; the Temple of Concord in Hyde Park, and the Horrible Ceremony of Suttee as performed in the East Indies; the Reverend Mr. M'Quashie, Editor of the Pædo-Baptist's Missionary Chronicle, and the Island of Corfu; with other works of art, to be pondered over. There were gowns and shawls to be detached, in imagination, from their pegs and peopled with flesh and blood. There was the great lumber-room, where all the five-and-thirty boarders' boxes were deposited when they came home for the holidays—a very caravansera full of trunks. There was the maid-servant's room, where Lily had been woke up by the sun, and half terrified to death by the bell, on the first morning after her coming. There were chairs to jump on, and hearth-rugs to lift the corners of, and clocks to whose ticking an attentive ear was lent. There were books in cases, and books in hanging-shelves, and plated candlesticks, and snuffer-trays, and two great old china mandarins, ready, on the slightest encouragement of a little finger, to loll out their tongues, and wag their peacock's feather and blue-buttoned heads in a manner wonderful, though somewhat awful, to behold. All these objects of research were, to Lily, beautiful, but perplexing. During the long hours of study, while the girls were pent up in the school-room, droning and gabbling, and the governesses squabbling with and girding at them, Lily was permitted, whenever she grew tired of school—which was generally about five minutes after she had taken her seat on the little stool apportioned to her—to slip out, and wander up and down the house; whose contents gave her, spark by spark, a little glimmering light. And then, in the play hours, she would ask questions innumerable, both of the girls and of the teachers, with a frank fearlessness amazing to the former, who were generally warned off from the premises of inquisitiveness as being "unladylike," and so by degrees, without any book-knowledge, Lily Floris began to learn things.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE YOUNG LADIES.

Cæsar and Pompey were very much alike; especially Cæsar; by which I mean, the days at Rhododendron House. For weeks, for months, from half year to half year, they knew scarcely any change. It was a well-ordered school, and the management most methodical. The result was a dead level of uniformity, distressing to erratic minds, but delectable exceedingly to those who loved regularity and appreciated discipline.

The "getting-up bell" was the same every day; the five-and-thirty rose amidst the same yawning, stretches, and inarticulate grumblings; there were the same peevish scuffling and unsatisfactory toilet in the lavatory; the same prayer-meeting, the same homilies; that is to say, when Mrs. Bunnycastle had reached the end of the dean's volume she began again at the beginning and read the salutary tome through again. The boarders should properly have known those homilies by heart; but I question whether any three of them could have repeated, without book, four consecutive sentences of any one of the dean's discourses. The fact is, the time occupied in this lecture was the time chosen by the young ladies for comparing notes in low whispers on those minor cosas de España, the affairs of school-girls: for passing surreptitious articles of merchandise from hand to hand under the desks, and for "having out" sundry trifling disputes of the previous evening or the instant morning, by the interchange of sly nips and pinches, nudgings and raspings of boots against ankles. They were but children, and I dare say not more spiteful to each other than nuns in a convent. Was it not while Mrs. Bunnycastle was warming to the very close of one of the dean's most flourishing perorations, that Miss Dallwallah, the young lady connected with the Honorable East India Company's Civil Service, and who had been forwarded direct from Serampore to Stockwell with a cautionary note from her papa, stating that she had "a devil of a temper"—was it not then that this young lady, being suddenly roused to ungovernable ire by a pinch from Miss Libscombe, her neighbor, who had a remarkably ingenious knack of holding flesh between her finger and thumb, fell upon that young lady, and bit her in the arm? Mr. Drax was sent for; the vindictive Dallwallah's teeth were sharp, and she had drawn blood. The biter, it is regrettable to say, did not manifest the slightest compunction for the outrage. "It served Libby right," she coolly remarked; "and as for biting her arm half through, I'm sure I wish it had been her nose!" Miss Dallwallah was fifteen, and but too old to be insensible to the law of kindness, but too big to have her ears boxed. She was a very rich young lady; and had so many ornaments of barbaric pearls and gold, that the girls used to call her Juggernaut. She was a parlor-boarder, and exceedingly good-tempered, save when contradicted. The Bunnycastles were puzzled how to treat the case, when they were relieved from their perplexity by the sudden removal of Miss Libscombe by her mamma, who was fiercely indignant at the treatment her daughter had received, and spoke of Miss Dallwallah as "that hyena." Miss Miler, who came of country parents, and was the great retailer of superstitious legends and folk-

lore to the establishment, opined that Miss Dallwallah was mad, and that sooner or later Miss Libscombe would be seized with hydrophobia.

"She'll bark like a dog," quoth Miss Miller, "and run about biting other girls, and then her father and mother 'll be obliged to have her smothered between two mattresses."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Tallboys, the eldest of the parlor-boarders, and the captainess, indeed, of the school, for she was nearly seventeen years of age. "Smothered between two mattresses indeed! What next? Why, the magistrates wouldn't allow such a thing."

"I tell you it would be done. It's the law."

"I think I ought to know," retorted Miss Tallboys, loftily. "My papa is in the commission of the peace for the county of Kent, and I'm sure he wouldn't allow such cruelty."

"Your papa is only a brewer," Miss Miller went on, in great wrath, "and magistrates are gentlemen."

"I remember his beer," little Laura Smiler broke in, maliciously. "Tallboys & Co.'s Creaming Rochester Ales. My papa used to have it till he said they put gall instead of hops into it."

"You're an impudent little—" was beginning, in great indignation, the insulted county magistrate's daughter, when the formidable Miss Dallwallah came lounging into the room—it was a half-holiday, and the elder girls were gathered chatting round the stove—in her usual lazily defiant manner.

"Miss Miller says you're mad," broke in a chorus of shrill voices.

"Perhaps you'd like to bite me," Miss Miller herself continued, tossing her curls, which were flaxen, and turning up her nose, which was snub.

"I don't want to bite any body," replied the Indian, quite humble now. "I *am* a mad, passionate creature, and I ought to have said I was sorry I bit Lizzy Libby. I'm sorry I bit her. Only she vexed me. I'm sorry she's gone away, and if I could find out where she lived I'd take her my little enameled gold watch, and ask her on my knees to accept it and forgive me. But she shouldn't have vexed me."

"She was a vulgar little thing," Miss Tallboys remarked, disdainfully.

"But it was very wicked of me to bite her," went on the repentant Begum. "And Mrs. Bunnycastle ought to have punished me. I deserved to be locked up in the coal-hole, with bread and water for a fortnight, only my papa's so rich, and I've always been brought up to do as I like."

"She says her papa's a magistrate," resumed the malevolent Smiler, giving a turn to the conversation.

"*My* papa's a judge, and is the head of a district twice as big again as Yorkshire," resumed Miss Dallwallah, with tranquil dignity.

And, forthwith, all the young ladies plunged into emulous vauntings of their respective parentage, as is the custom of young ladies, and middle-aged ladies, and old ladies—to say nothing of gentlemen—with or without encouragement; and when we are old, and can no longer brag of our parents, we brag of our children, or, haply, being celibate, of our parrots or our lapdogs, our port or our pictures. And so the world goes.

Miss Tallboys, whose Christian name was Grace, and who was a slender and elegant blonde; Miss Dallwallah, otherwise Juggernaut, otherwise the Begum, otherwise Lallah Rookh, otherwise the Sultana Scheherazade, otherwise a hundred other fantastic sobriquets culled from Oriental sources, and sportively bestowed upon her by her comrades, who loved her very dearly when she did not bite; and Miss Thrupp, whose parents were commercial (Thrupp & Calliper, ship-brokers, Mincing Lane), who was nearly sixteen, and who was amiable, but afflicted with red hair; were the three senior pupils in Rhododendron House. Their relatives were all wealthy, and they were, consequently, held in much consideration by the Bunnycastles. They did pretty much as they liked. They "studied," instead of learning lessons, and filled exercise-books with indifferent caligraphy, instead of repeating set tasks. They had masters for all the accomplishments, and acquired as many, or as few of them, as senior pupils at middle-class schools—remember, I am writing of the ante-"college" period—generally do. They spent their liberal allowance of pocket-money as they chose; and I hope young ladies, who have left school, will not accuse me of libeling their sex, when I record that the major portion of their revenues went in sweetstuff. Now and then a servant-maid was bribed to smuggle in a novel from the circulating library; but, as a rule, a plentiful supply of almond rock, chocolate drops, and candied horehound, was held to be a more satisfactory pabulum than sentiment in three volumes. At happy sixteen a girl can dream novels, and invent a hero every five minutes; but it is not enough to dream of almond rock. Sweetstuff is a thing that must be bought.

Mesdemoiselles Tallboys, Thrupp, and Dallwallah, then, condescended to take into high favor and affection the little girl who was left, quite alone, in that scholastic desert. They made a pet and a plaything of Lily Floris. Had she been a little pauper her pretty face, guileless heart, and winning ways would have made her a favorite, even with the work-house matron; but Mrs. Bunnycastle's parlor-boarders were predisposed in favor of the baby pupil by mysterious hints from Miss Barbara, who, in her occasional unbosoming of gossiping confidence with the seniors, was wont to descant upon the very grand folks whom she imagined Lily's parents to be. The dazzling diamonds, and scarcely less dazzling teeth of Mr. Blunt were still fresh in Miss Bunnycastle's recollection, and she gave the daughter of the possessor of those valuables full credit for them. Miss Barbara's unbosomings were quite enough to make Lily, in the eyes of Miss Tallboys and her companions, a little heroine. There was something mysterious about her they were glad to recognize. She might be a nobleman's daughter; the offspring, perchance, of a foreign prince. She could tell nothing about her mamma. Poor, little, deserted innocent! They saw it all. A forced marriage; an infant torn away from her agonized parent; an obscure retreat found for the heiress of perhaps boundless domains! They wanted fewer three volume novels smuggled in from the circulating library than ever, for Lily was a whole cabinet library of fiction in herself. But if they required less romance they stood in need of more sweetstuff, for they had now an associate to share it. The three friends solemnly adopted Lily and at once proceeded to make much of her to the no small content of the ruling powers, who, as the child was too small to stand up in a class, and was occasionally, though not often, given to fretting if no notice were taken of her, were sometimes puzzled to know where and how to bestow her. Lily profited, not only physically but intellectually, by the patronage of the "great girls," as the three redoubtable parlor-boarders were called; for Miss Tallboys, shocked at her backwardness, began to teach her in earnest, and before she had been at Rhododendron House a year had contrived, by kindness and caresses, to instill into her a very fair acquaintance with great A, and little a, and words in one syllable. Miss Thrupp must needs undertake to teach the mite of a thing to dance, which means that she romped about with her in most madcap fashion; and confident of her educational mission, gravely proclaimed that she was about to "ground her" on the piano. A great many music-books and a backgammon-board, falsely purporting to be Hume's History of England, had to be piled on the stool before Lily, mounted thereupon, could get her plump hands on a proper level with the key-board of the rickety old practicing piano (Popkinson, Great Swallow Street, Oxford Street, 1809), and her "grounding" did not extend beyond her being allowed to thump the keys, which were worn, and dented, and yellow, like the teeth of an old horse, till she began to crow with delight at the noise she made, or her instructress, laughing, and stopping her ears at the din—though a quarter of the battered clefs were dumb—bade her, with a kiss, desist. As for the Begum, Juggernaut was not behindhand in activity of patronage to the little darling. She hung strange ornaments of golden filigree round her neck. I believe she would have pierced her ears—and her nose too, so the mischievous girls said—to hang jeweled rings in, had not that surgical operation been expressly inhibited by the scholastic home government. Debarred from the exercise of this decorative Orientalism, it was Miss Dallwallah's chief delight to curl, to brush out, and to curl again, in all sorts of ringlets, tapers, sausages, and cork-screws, Lily's soft brown locks. The child's hair curled naturally, and wanted neither tissue paper nor irons; but Miss Dallwallah was continually improving on nature, and nothing seemed more to delight her than when Lily's hair, after half an hour's elaborate frizzing, or compression under the influence of caloric, assumed the appearance of a highly ornate mop. The child submitted, and was pleased. Once, only, she gave way to a short howl, when Miss Dallwallah inadvertently touched the tip of her ear with the hot tongs, but in general she regarded the philocomic ordeal as a rare game and sport. However, one day, she thought fit to remonstrate against that which was decidedly a work of superogation.

"My hair curl with water, Missa Lally," she said, looking up into the hairdresser's face with her large blue eyes.

"What a great stupid I am! Of course it will," exclaimed the impetuous Indian (whose petit nom among her familiars was "Lally"). "There, I've half spoilt your hair with these nasty hot irons. It'll curl all the wrong way now, of course. It's just like me. I never can do any thing properly. I wonder I haven't bitten you into the bargain." And Miss Dallwallah, who was of an impulsive, and not a very strong-minded temperament, and who bitterly remembered her dental escapade with Miss Libscombe, would have taken refuge in tears, had she not been consoled and assured that no harm was done, by Miss Tallboys and Miss Thrupp.

It was a merry time. The "great girls" dressed Lily, and put her to bed. Had she been a squirrel, or a marmoset monkey, they could not have made more of her. As yet, the child had been deemed too small to go to church, and the homilies of the dean, before breakfast and bedtime, had been thought sufficient theological food for her; but the "great girls" begged so hard that she might be allowed to accompany them, that at last the authorities acceded to the request. To walk to church on Sunday mornings hand in hand with one or the other of her three protectresses, was to Lily the source of enormous pride and gratification. She was very good in church, although she sometimes swung her small legs—which did not reach to within a foot of the ground—in a manner to endanger the stability of neighboring hassocks; and once or twice, on hot summer Sundays, she went to sleep, and would have tumbled off but that Miss Tallboys caught her. But take her for all in all, she was a most devout congregationist, and it was very pleasant to behold her gazing with a rapt wistfulness at the clergyman in the pulpit, and with interest not much less at the clerk in his desk; or nodding her head smilingly to the Psalms (I am dreadfully afraid that she manifested a desire to dance to the Thirty-third), or sitting with a very big prayer-book, of which she could not read one line, open and clutched in her hands.

## "MASSACHUSETTS! MASSACHUSETTS!"

THE golden sunshine gleams o'er hill and glade and wave,
The blue sky every eve is studded thick with stars.
Ah, sunshine falls *so* brightly on a new-made grave!
And God's blue banner ne'er is furled for our wars.

The summer came and went among the Berkshire hills,
Where weary watches kept true hearts as brave as those
Whose throbs were hero-marches, till the deathly chills
Hushed heart and lip and eye into a long repose.

But Charlie still was safe—thank God!—through many a fight;
At last he wrote (Ah me, such strange and feeble strokes!),
"Don't fear for me—I'm wounded, but 'twill all come right;
Our boys have had tough work at terrible Fair Oaks.

"Perhaps when golden autumn sets the woods aflame
I may get home to show the tattered flag I bore.
You'll have your soldier back—a trifle thin and lame—
But *looks* won't trouble me when I get home once more!"

Poor fellow, brave and hopeful, how he stood the pain,
The torture all those weeks! They brought him North at last,
And fever laid her crazing hand on heart and brain,
Yet still in pity bore him to the happy Past.

His moan through heated days and through the moonlit nights
Was "Massachusetts! Massachusetts! Take me *there*!"
Sometimes he rushed in memory into deadly fights,
But always ended with that pleading, homesick prayer.

Strange nurses, doctors chilled by death to seeming cold,
Whose faces bent unmoved o'er many a soldier's bed,
By Charlie Howard's cot were men of gentle mould,
And tender as their mothers' were the words they said.

Yet still that cry, "My home! the hills! the scarlet trees!
Oh only take me *there*, before it is too late!
Now bring a little honey from my father's bees,
A little home-made bread upon a fair white plate!"

No name except the Saviour's made him still and calm;
But when we spoke of Jesus how his dark eyes filled,
As if above the battle rose a fireside psalm,
And in the holy peace each thought of strife were stilled.

"Oh Jesus! Know Him? Yes! He is my Only Friend,
He's all around me *always*." Then his eyes grew dim
With unshed tears. "He says He loved unto the end.
I couldn't stand the waiting if 'twasn't now for Him!"

"He *won't* forsake you, Charlie!" How his face grew bright!
"He says so, and I'm *sure*." "If even death should come?"
"No matter! 'Tis the ending of the long long fight!
So take me home!" The wildness came again with "home."

Poor shattered harp, whose every string was out of tune
Except the one that answered to the Deathless Love!
The earthly craving passed when Heaven's higher boon
Brought him in gladness to the Hills and Home above.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DON'T COMET TOO STRONG.—Professor Neumager says that in 1865 a comet will come so close as to endanger the earth, and should it not attach itself to us (as one globule of quicksilver to another), or annihilate us (that's a cheerful alternative), the effect will be very beautiful (we should think so). "During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train"—an express train, we suppose. It is to be observed that the Professor avoids the use of the word tail. We don't, but we spell it *tale*, and apply it to the Professor as a bit of a wag.

"All is vanity," *saith* the Preacher. Yes; but what does the preacher *think?* This question occurred to us a few days ago, when we saw an episcopal equipage literally groaning with mitres, etc., etc., etc.; and then we couldn't help reflecting that a bishop should be more easily recognized by his *demeanor* than his *carriage!*

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

*As* sure as Sol will rise to-morrow,
*So* sure will sin conduct to sorrow.

A certain quack calling one day on an invalid, asked him "how he did?" "I didn't," was the sufferer's reply. "Then," cried the undaunted disciple of Galen, "it must have been your brother." With this he pocketed his fee, but never returned to the house.

At a recent party one of the candles was leaning slightly. Gliffkins, who boasts of his geography, remarked that it represented the Tower of Pisa. "Yes," said facetious Sniffkins, "except that one is a tower in Italy, and another is a tower in *grease*."

An over-curious person thinks the antediluvian life must have been a great contrast to ours, and pictures it thus: "Only fancy having two dried whales hanging in your larder, and a cold mammoth 'cut and come again' on the side-board. 'Shall I help you to a bit of the icthyosaurus?' 'Thank you; I should prefer a slice of your mastadon!' Stewed plesiosauri! Leviathan *à la crapoderie*. Imagine a bill, not at twelve months, but two hundred years, and a fellow who carried off your plate-box getting sent to the tread-mill for fourscore summers. Consider an elderly gentleman, with a liver complaint of only one hundred years' standing, wearing out four sets of false teeth, and finally carried off, after a brief illness of three hundred and ten years, in a galloping consumption."

How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

Denmark is to be called the "Champion of the light weights," and to be girt, of course, with "the little *belt*."

Why is the letter R very unfortunate?—Because it is always to be found in trouble, wretchedness, and misery; it is always the beginning in riots and ruin, and never found in peace, innocence, or love.

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack by stabbing himself with a point of honor.

What comes after cheese?—A mouse.

"I hope it won't be long," as the school-boy said to the lesson.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

Wanted, two stamps of indignation and one of true nobility.

"I say, Sam? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs idiotically.*)

"Wa'al, Nigger? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs more idiotically, and whistles like a steam-engine.*)

"Yar's a Conundidrum. Lookee yar. If I tells you a lie, why's dat like my ole arm-chair? D'ye gib it up? 'Cos it am *de seat* dat I use."

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varmint?" said a Southwester to a Downeaster, who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide-open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi.

"Wa'al," replied the Yankee, "he ain't what yeow call a handsome critter, but he's got a great deal of openness when he smiles."

If you want to be a "swell" of the first water get the dropsy.

A cynical fellow, who can't muster the cash for a sleigh-ride, publishes the following recipe for its sensation: "Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; your feet in a pail of ice-water; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says, "You can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it is a great deal cheaper."

What do we seek redress for?—Injuries. Where do we find it?—*In juries.*

The "twelve gentlemen of the jury" sometimes exhibit a stupid fatuity that is quite astonishing. The following is a case in point. The jury were sitting upon the case of a man found dead in a sand-pit. "They first returned a verdict of manslaughter. The coroner recapitulated the testimony adduced, and sent them back. They re-entered the court with 'We find that the deceased was still-born.' For a third time they were dismissed, with Lord Campbell's well-known formula, 'Gentlemen, you will retire to consider of your verdict—this man was found dead in a sand-pit.' So they avoided technicalities, and came soundly to the conclusion, 'that the said Robert Trelawney is dead, and died of sand!'"

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the Captain to Gussie the other day. Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't." The captain "saw it" immediately.

A furrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N.B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles out of their own skins."

"You're quite welcome," as the purse said to the shilling.

### THE EXPOSTULATION.

Now, Charley, I ne'er
Would have married you, dear,
Had I known of your passion for smoking:
Of that horrible stuff
You've had surely enough—
Put it down—you are very provoking!

I've sat by your side
Till I feel quite defied
To speak, for the vapor is choking;
But 'tis useless to plead—
You puff! puff! at "the weed,"
As if a man were created for smoking!

That 'witching old pipe,
I'm half tempted to gripe,
And cast in the fire I am poking;
And would, too, but bother,
You'll still find another,
And cleave to the habit of smoking.

Ah, well! I'll give way,
For, perhaps, as you say,
No business have wives to be croaking;
You wed us "to cherish,"
And, lest we should perish,
Like plants, we must suffer a smoking.

An Oxford student joined without invitation a party dining at an inn; after which he boasted so much of his abilities that one of the party said: "You have told us enough of what you can do; tell us something you can not do." "Faith," said he, "I can not pay my share in the reckoning."

A story is told of a German who attempted to court in English with the aid of a dictionary. Having obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must be open to new offers, he opened the business thus:

"High-born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite order beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick—"

It may be supposed that this did not mend matters; and reading as much in the lady's countenance, he said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire:

"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come—"

This he said beseechingly, but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door. Taking a last hurried look at his dictionary the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:

"Madam, since your husband, your most respected husband, have hopped de twig—"

This was his sheet-anchor, and as this also "came home," of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: 1. To kick the bucket. 2. To cut one's stick. 3. To go to kingdom come. 4. To hop the twig; to hop off the perch into Davy's locker.

Is the "singing" of a cat involuntary, or is it done on *purr-puss?*

Why is spermaceti like a busybody?—Because it makes scandals.

The following is a singular calculation of the number of stitches in a shirt: Stitching the collar, four rows, 3000; sewing the ends, 500; button-holes, and sewing on buttons, 150; sewing the collar and gathering the neck, 1204; stitching wristbands, 1228; sewing the ends, 68; button-holes, 148; hemming the slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1468; stitching on shoulder-straps, three rows each, 1880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing the sleeves, 2532; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3050; tapping the sleeves, 1526; sewing the seams, 841; setting side-gussets in, 424; hemming the bottom, 1104. Total number of stitches, 20,649.

### DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is the root of the tongue like a dejected man?
*Because it is down in the mouth.*

If you met a pig in tears, what animal's name might you say to it?
*Pork, you pine (porcupine).*

Why is an ill-bred man like lightning?
*Because he does not know how to conduct himself.*

What belongs to yourself, and is used by every body more than yourself?
*Your name.*

A blind man took something from the breakfast-table, and recovered his sight—what was it?
*He took a tea-cup and saucer (saw sir).*

Legs I have got, but seldom walk;
I backbite all, but never talk?

*A flea.*

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## SPRING HERALDS.

A SOFTER murmur in the leafless woods,
And over meadows wide;
A joyous rushing of long-frozen floods
Down furrowed mountain-side.

A fitful sunbeam lighting up the scene,
Too dazzling bright to last,
Gliding storm-riven forest boughs between,
A waif of summers past.

Some star-bright snow-drops, winter's pretty flowers,
Fresh from their snowy fold;
A daisy smiling through the long, lonely hours;
Or crocus-cup of gold.

Sweet clustered primroses in forest-nooks,
Where dead leaves strew the ground;
And daffodils bent over purling brooks,
As listeners to their sound.

The glad new song of winged chorister,
The earliest of the grove,
Breaking the winter silence of the air
With thrilling notes of love.

Soul-stirring impulses of recent birth,
Which round the heart may cling:
An all-pervading influence on the earth—
The spirit of the Spring.

## NOTHING BUT A FARMER.

I.

"MY poor boy—poor Calvert!" sighed Mrs. Brande, dropping the letter she had been reading to look after a pair just sweeping past her window on horseback. One was a gentleman in the prime of life—a handsome, stately-looking gentleman—who bent almost to his saddle-bow from time to time, as he turned with unmistakable glances of admiration toward his companion, a girl in the freshest bloom of youth, and beautiful as June blossoms are.

The face was roguish, yet sweet, with a lurking flash in the dark bright eyes. There was something of pride, too, in the short upper lip, that was curving now with smiles as she talked, and shook back from her cheeks the intruding curls.

"I knew it," sighed Mrs. Brande—"I knew all the while that a girl like Katharine Vaux, so pretty and so gay, and with so many chances to marry, would never be contented to have a man with his way to make in the world, as my Calvert has. Poor boy! He a-coming home to-night, and she a galloping over the country with George Hawley, a man old enough to be her father."

Crossing the room, Mrs. Brande stood mournfully, and slowly folding Calvert's last letter previous to putting it away.

"Well, mother!"

Two strong hands upon her shoulders, and a brown but handsome face close to hers.

She started, for he had come in softly—stolen over the threshold to surprise her, just as he had used to do when he was a little boy; and now he was a man grown—a tall, stalwart, strong-limbed young fellow as one could wish to see.

"Oh, Calvert!" she cried, putting her arms round his neck, "I'm so glad you've come."

"So am I, mother." And shaking back the heavy darkness of his clustering locks, half bashfully—"How's Katharine?"

The widow shrunk a little; but either Calvert did not or would not notice it, and putting her motherly hand on his hair, she looked fondly yet sadly up at him, saying,

"How handsome you have grown, Calvert!"

"Have I?" with a little flushing of the frank, brown cheek. "Hope Katharine'll think so." Then: "But such a little palace as I have been building, mother! All rigged up inside and out—all but the women fixins, you know; Kathie'll tend to that. But you don't tell me how's Kathie?"

The widow's lip quivered a little; but she was by this time busy at some household task, and she pretended not to hear the question.

"Ah!" she said—"so you've got your house done?"

He ran on for a moment in reply, talking of his house; saying that he would rather be something else than a farmer if he could, and that Katharine would no doubt like it better if it could be so, but that he meant, nevertheless, to do well the work he had undertaken; and then, coming back to the one thought, asked again,

"Have you seen Kathie lately?"

"I saw her this afternoon," said Mrs. Brande, with a stern setting of her lips.

"Oh! did you? Good girl! She promised me she wouldn't let you get lonesome." And Calvert's fine eye had a tender gleam in it.

"Kathie Vaux hasn't been over this threshold in more'n three weeks," Mrs. Brande said, shortly.

Calvert looked anxious and puzzled. Then a bright smile broke like sunshine over his face. "She's sensitive, you know, mother; and I dare say the proud little thing got afraid of coming to see Calvert's mother so much for fear of talk. Women are so foolish that way."

"Katharine Vaux is not, at all events. She staid away for a better reason than that, Calvert."

She lifted her head and looked steadily at her son. The look told him more than the words had—smote him with a vague and pained wonder.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked in a low voice, coming toward her. "What is the reason Katharine staid away—is she sick?"

"Sick!" the widow said, contemptuously. "Not she; she never was in better health in her life—never had a merrier laugh, or a lighter heart, than since you went away. I don't believe she's thought of you half-a-dozen times since you went away, Calvert."

"Oh yes, mother; she has written me more letters than that. I see how it is; you never liked Katie very well. She's a little wild, and high-strung, and—I see, mother."

"It is not that at all, Calvert. She's a most ridiculous young flirt! That is what she *is*; and the reason she hasn't come here lately is because she didn't like what I said to her about her goings-on the last time she did come."

"Kathie a what? Oh, mother!" Calvert said, almost angrily, "I told her not to mope while I was away, but to be gay, and do any thing to enjoy herself. What did you say to her, mother?"

"I gave her my opinion of her goings-on. She had no more right to do as she did than though she had been your wife all the time, and I told her so."

"Oh, mother, how could you!"

Looking at him with tender sorrow she said,

"Well, well, Calvert, we won't talk of it. Go and see Katharine for yourself."

"Why should Kathie break her promise to me? Is there any one she cares more for? I sha'n't hinder her if there is." But his cheek grew pale through its bronze as he said it.

"I've an idea that there's somebody's money she likes better if she don't like him," said Mrs. Brande.

"Who is it, mother?"

"It's George Hawley!"

"Ah!"

He was standing at the window now, with his face to the street, and Mrs. Brande could not see how he set his teeth as he said it, and how his eye flashed. It is bad enough to have another man win the woman you love, but to a man like Calvert Brande to find himself rivaled in the heart of the girl he worshiped by *money* the thought was unutterably humiliating—bitter.

Even as he stood there the music of a low, sweet laugh came trilling through the roses at the open casement, and in a moment more the same pair that Mrs. Brande had seen pass an hour before came riding slowly by, the bridles of their horses hanging loosely upon their necks; and Mr. Hawley was bending, with a deference that was almost tender, toward the beautiful face that laughed up at him—the sweet, bright, roguish face. Calvert saw it all—the dark floating curls, the uplifted face, the laughing eyes (he had not seen them before in six months, and now to see them thus under another's glance); he *saw*, and clenched his hands till it seemed as though they would never unclench again.

As the two came opposite—they could not see Calvert for the roses that grew at the window—Mr. Hawley seemed to make some remark, which he emphasized with a gesture toward the house.

From even that distance Calvert could see the girl's dark eyes flash and her color rise. She never looked toward the house, but drew her little form up like the proud Kathie Vaux she was, and touching her horse sharply with her whip she gave Mr. Hawley a haughty little nod and dashed on.

He was by her side again in an instant. And Calvert Brande, parting the rose-bushes, sprang through the window, and went trampling away—any where, so that no human eye should see his anger, and humiliation, and pain.

His *Kathie! his* Kathie! and she had written him such fond and tender letters all the time that he had been gone; such frank, merry, loving, girlishly sweet letters, and—what falsehoods girls were! He wouldn't ever believe in woman again! If Kathie Vaux were a lie no other woman could be true.

II.

IN the low doorway of the porch at Woodbine Cottage stood Kathie Vaux that evening, little dreaming that her lover was so near. The sunset glow shone on her, and lighted up as charming a picture as one could wish to see. A deep setting of vines and blossoms framed her in, and some sprays of scarlet and gold were in her hair, and others still drooped from her little hand and trailed beside her. June-lights were in her soft, dark eyes; and some thought, tender and bright as the young June itself, shed rare bloom upon her face as she stood.

George Hawley had just left the house, and she did not look after him. Her red lip had curled with something very like scorn as he bowed his "Good-evening" to her and went down the walk, with his face cloudy and his brows knit. But that expressiveness had passed now, and she stood like a fair and sweet embodiment of that June twilight, thinking of what? Calvert Brande wondered *what* as he came toward her up the pretty flower-bordered walk.

Whatever her thought was it must have been a very enthralling one, for she did not seem conscious of his approach till he stood almost beside her. Then she turned swiftly, with an eager cry, and the blushes trooping over her face.

"Calvert Brande! Calvert Brande!" she cried, with a movement of her snowy arms that sent scarlet petals showering about her. If ever gladness and lovingness looked out of woman's eyes they did out of Kathie Vaux's.

But for a memory Calvert would have caught her to him and sealed those tender eyes with kisses. But coming up through the thicket there, he had seen George Hawley just passing away from Woodbine Cottage, and the sight had made him grind his teeth with rage. That pretty picture of Kathie in the porch did not tranquilize him. "*He* has been standing there with her ever since they came home from that ride," he said to himself, passionately; "and while I was trying to strangle my jealousy and find excuses for her, she was looking in his eyes as she'd like to look in mine now. No, Katharine! No!" He had just said that to himself as he came up beside her, and the look she gave him, and that involuntary lifting of the soft arms, whose clinging he remembered six months ago, almost made him cast away his anger as though it had been a serpent.

Not quite, for he recoiled as she bent toward him, and standing erect, and with folded arms before her, looked at her out of eyes lurid with scorn and anger. The blushes died out of Katharine's face slowly; her arms drooped to her side again while she looked at him; and then, putting a little hand upon his shoulder as he stood upon the step below her, the girl said, faintly,

"Why don't you speak to me, Calvert?"

He thought her pallor was the pallor of a guilty and accusing conscience, and he said, speaking for the first time, and speaking scornfully, as though her deceit seemed, as it did, unutterably contemptible to him,

"If I had come a little earlier I should have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and congratulating my successor."

Kathie understood him. She had been just enough wrong, just enough what Mrs. Brande said, during his absence, to be angry at his tone and words, which the more she deserved the less inclined was she to submit to them. Besides, Mrs. Brande had reproached her in language that rankled still, and the mere conjecture that she had repeated these very reproaches to Calvert was almost unendurable. He was looking at her as these thoughts passed through her mind. Her hand had dropped away from his shoulder, and color had come into her cheeks again.

"I thought something terrible had happened, to come to me, after so long, this way," Kathie said to herself; "but he is only jealous, and jealousy is a very hateful thing, and I don't deserve to be treated so at all!" and with a little toss of her head Kathie broke off a spray from the vine beside her and carelessly drew it through her white fingers, while she said aloud, and without looking at him, "When did you get home, Calvert?"

"I came about three hours ago; I was at the window when you passed."

"Were you?" Her eye flashed a little, and she swept a torrent of the blossoms down with her impatient hand. She was saying to herself, "He has been away from me six months, and the first word he says is an unkind one."

"She is glad to be rid of me so easy," Calvert was thinking with paling eyes, for he *had* hoped against hope that Kathie would have something to say for herself. And Kathie, the more she thought the longer he was silent, the more hurt and angry she was at his coldness. "I am angry enough to cry," she thought; "but I won't. To think that he should come to me this way after so long; he might say right out whatever he's got to say, and give me a chance for myself. I'm sure I haven't done any thing so very dreadful." But she knew well enough she had done as she would not have done if Calvert had been able to see all.

"Will you come in, Calvert?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Thank you, no," Calvert Brande said, haughtily, and setting his teeth; "I only came to tell you, Katharine, that you are free of me, free as the wind, that is more like you than any thing else is."

The girl's face was like snow, but she only drew the green leaves about it, and without lifting her white eyelids said, quietly,

"Very well, Calvert."

He raised his hat with a look at her that she could not see, and strode away down the walk with a single muttered utterance, "So that dream is dead!"

Katharine's dark eye flashed as she looked after him. "Cruel, unkind!" she murmured; but even as she said it conscience smote her a little, and clasping her slender hands upon her bosom, she stood almost resolved to call to him, and beg him to forgive her.

But pride forbade still, and she reassured herself that he loved her too well to really stay away from her long. He would come back if she waited, and if would be all right again then.

But he did not come all the next day, and the next, and Katharine's heart grew heavier and heavier, till she could scarcely carry it about.

The third day, at evening, she put on her hat, and stealing affrighted glances about, crept away by a path through the wood, to the vicinity of the house in which Mrs. Brande lived.

There, shrouded among the trees, she stood and watched a long time, but saw no one save Mrs. Brande passing in and out. She went nearer, so that she even saw into the little sitting-room, and incurred great risk of being seen herself. But still she saw no form save the widow's.

"Where can Calvert be?" she moaned to herself—"if I could only see Calvert one minute!" and then she fled away home again, thinking he might have come during her absence.

But he had not; and the next day she heard through a servant that Calvert Brande had been home and gone right away again—gone back West people said.

Kathie waited for no more: seizing her hat, she stood very soon panting and breathless in Mrs. Brande's doorway.

The widow was sitting by the window, and as she looked up Kathie saw that she had been crying.

Kathie hesitated, her large eyes wandering over the room away from, and then back to Mrs. Brande, with a half-affrighted expression. Then clinging to the door-post, and pushing back her curls with one little hand, she asked, in a low voice,

"Has Calvert gone away again, Mrs. Brande?"

"Yes, he's gone," said the widow, shortly; "my boy's gone away again as quick as he came. It wasn't my fault his going though." She looked sternly through the window.

"Was it mine; do you think it was mine?" questioned Katharine, timidly, advancing a little and lifting her dark eyes to Mrs. Brande, with a world of woe in their depths.

The widow did not look at her. "He came home to see the girl he loved, and he found a false, heartless flirt in her place. That's why he went away again so soon, if you want to know."

Once such words would have angered Katharine terribly. Now she only clasped her hands over her eyes, and grew paler than before. "Has he gone clear away?—has he gone clear away West? Oh! I didn't mean to make him so angry as that."

"You shouldn't have done it, then. Yes, he's gone back, to live alone in the house he built for you and him, and his heart was so bitter about it that he didn't even ask his old mother to go with him. You'll never find a kinder heart to love you, Katharine Vaux, than Calvert Brande's was."

"I know it," Katharine said, and drooped against the wall, covering her blanched face with her hands.

Mrs. Brande even was touched by the hopelessness of her tone, and she went on to tell her in her sympathy what tortures would not have wrung from her pride. "He was like a crazy man that night after he left you," she said; "he never slept a wink, and he walked the floor, tramp, tramp, all night."

Presently she added, "Some men now would be for forgiving you; but Calvert ain't one of that sort."

"But he'll forgive *me*—he *must* forgive me, Mrs. Brande," Katharine said, clinging to Mrs. Brande's dress; "he used to love me so, and I loved him all the time—indeed, indeed I did. I know he'll forgive me!"

The widow shook her head. "I doubt it, child. But I'm to go to meet him somewhere on the way in a few weeks; he didn't ask me, but I told him I should; and he's got business on the way that'll keep him back a while for me to get ready. But that ain't what I was going to say. I was going to say that when I see him I'll tell him how sorry you are. It won't do no good, but I'll tell him. I guess you do feel bad, and I like you the better for it. I didn't think really that you had got so much heart as that." Mrs. Brande had a great deal of heart, and the sight of Katharine's distress touched it to compassion. "It's a pity, too," she went on, "but what you and Calvert should make up. He's laid out a sight o' work on that house you and he was to live in. He said it would be all covered up with vines by another spring, just like Woodbine Cottage. Poor fellow! he won't care whether it is or not now."

It was too much. Pride and resolution had kept Katharine hitherto from tears, but those last words of Mrs. Brande's were too much. She gave a wild glance around, and then, dropping upon the floor, burst into such a passion of weeping as frightened Mrs. Brande terribly. The girl's hat had fallen off, and, kneeling down by her, Mrs. Brande smoothed the soft bright curls and begged her not to cry. But the sad heart would not be comforted.

The poor lady felt a little conscience smitten and self-reproachful herself. She never *had* quite liked Katharine, just as Calvert had said, and she was afraid she had been a little too ready to condemn her. She suspected, too, with pretty good reason, that if she had not irritated him so before he saw Katharine that the quarrel would not have taken place.

"But what made him most angry, Katharine," she said, "was seeing you and George Hawley ride by together, and looking so taken up with each other too."

"I wasn't taken up," sobbed Kathie, "and I don't like George Hawley a bit. He tried to be very witty about Calvert's going to be a farmer, just as we were passing the house, and I got so angry I wouldn't talk to him all the way home, and not much when we got there. He would go in, and I went off and left him to talk to father; and—and he asked me to marry him before he went away, Mrs. Brande, but I couldn't help that."

"He did, did he!" exclaimed Mrs. Brande, opening her eyes, "and he knew you was promised to Calvert all the time, for I told him myself. What did you tell him, Kathie?"

"I told him something he didn't expect to hear. I can't tell you what it was."

"Maybe you told him you'd have him if you couldn't get Calvert," the widow said, suspiciously.

"I *didn't!*" Katharine said, indignantly. "Calvert's worth a thousand like George Hawley, and more too."

"Well, I don't know why you need make such a secret of what you said if you ain't going to have him," Mrs. Brande said, with a lurking jealousy in her tone.

Katharine did not answer. She got up after a while and put on her hat, and, bidding the widow a tremulous "good-night," went away.

She came back the next morning with a face that blushed curiously, and had a tint of brightness in it.

Mrs. Brande was in the little back garden tying up some morning-glories when Kathie came through the house to her, and put her red lips to the widow's cheek. There was something very pleasant in the touch of those young lips. There were not many who kissed Mrs. Brande, and though she was well aware that the kiss was more for Calvert's sake than her own, Mrs. Brande liked it, and thought, as she stole admiring glances at the lovely face, "that it *was* a pity but what Calvert and Kathie should make up."

As she proceeded with her work, she said:

"It seems like lost time to tie 'em up when I'm going away so soon; but I can't bear to see the poor things dragging in the dirt and looking up at me reproachful like."

Kathie's little fingers fluttered about among the morning-glories, and she helped the widow fasten them all upon the frame, talking sometimes, but in subdued tones; and when she looked up, as she did rarely, there was a gleam in her dark bright eyes that was half tears, half something else, that Mrs. Brande could not make out, and was a little afraid of. She understood it after a while.

"Wouldn't it be nice to go out to Ashley and tie up Calvert's vines for him before he gets back?" said Kathie, with a shy look at Mrs. Brande.

"Y-e-s," said the widow, hesitatingly. Somehow she suspected that speech meant more than it said.

"Mrs. Brande!" A white arm stole round her neck, and a white little hand patted her cheek. Mrs. Brande felt uneasy; but the hand was so soft and caressing, the arm so white and coaxing. "Mrs. Brande, let me go with you out to Ashley, won't you?"

She lifted her eyes as she said it, and Mrs. Brande saw that the brightness that had puzzled her was a sad kind of roguery. The widow felt somehow very much shocked—pitiful, but shocked.

"Why, child," she said, bluntly, "you wouldn't go out there and ask *him* to have *you*, after all, would you?"

"I'd give him a chance to ask *me*, and I'd tell him how sorry I am that I treated him so."

Mrs. Brande shook her head. "I don't believe it would answer at all, Kathie. Calvert's very nice in his notions, and I don't think he'd like it at all. No, no, child; just you be patient, and I'll tell him, and I'll make it all right, if it can be made right. But I doubt it myself."

"So you won't take me with you?" said Kathie, with a queer smile, still patting the widow's cheek with her soft fingers, and looking at her out of thoughtful, dark eyes.

"I'd like to, my dear; indeed I would. I'm getting to like you wonderfully well myself. But it wouldn't do at all to take you out there with me; I wouldn't dare to do it."

"Can you tell me where to write to him, then?"

"No, I can't, dear; and I doubt if he writes me at all. He won't feel much like writing now, poor fellow!"

"Then I'll do the other thing," said Kathie, with a half-defiant look.

"What other thing, dear?" asked Mrs. Brande. She was suspicious in her innocence that Kathie might mean to drown herself, or get lost in the woods, or marry Mr. Hawley, or something of that desperate sort. So her eyes opened very wide as she asked, "What other thing, dear?"

"A very dreadful thing indeed, and you'll say so when you know," said Katharine, solemnly. "Good-morning, Mrs. Brande."

"What! You ain't going? Well, don't do what you're thinking of, dear. *I* wouldn't. Just be patient a little while, and who knows what may happen? I wish you would tell me what you said to Mr. Hawley, child?"

"I'll tell you when I tell Calvert, dear Mrs. Brande." And with a low laugh and her eyes full of tears, Kathie ran away.

III.

MRS. BRANDE got ready in due time to follow her son. She heard, meanwhile, with some consternation and some relief, that Katharine Vaux had gone to visit some cousins in another part of the State.

"She might have come to bid me good-by, after all," she said, considerably piqued.

When she met her son afterward, at a point agreed upon previously, to journey with him toward Ashley, she began, at the first opportunity, to say something to him about Kathie.

"Not a word, mother; I won't hear a word," he said, sternly. "Her treatment of *me* was enough, and it don't matter how sorry she is now. A woman who could let me go so easily as she did couldn't care much about me, and that is the end of it. Don't mention her name to me."

Perhaps but for her pique at Kathie's not coming to say good-by Mrs. Brande would have persisted some longer. It is impossible to say or to know whether Calvert Brande would have relented if she had.

Meanwhile Katharine had got a very daring project in her small head, a project which she kept all to herself, even coaxing a suspiciously-large sum of money out of her papa, without telling him her secret.

She was not very accustomed to traveling alone, and Mr. Vaux was of the opinion that she was taking an immense amount of baggage for the shortness of the trip she pretended she was going.

"Maybe it won't be so short," she replied to him. "I may take a fancy to go to the moon or to California before I get back."

"Oh! I thought you were going to your Aunt Maylie's," said indulgent Mr. Vaux.

"Well, I may go there," said Kathie, nonchalantly. And never suspecting that she could go any where else, Mr. Vaux saw her off, laughing, as at a good joke.

With very vague geographical ideas of the country she was going to, and the route to be taken to get there, Kathie yet made a pretty direct way to Ashley. She never stopped to think whether she was doing an imprudent thing or not. She was a spoiled child, used to having her own way and carrying out the strangest whims. She wouldn't allow herself even to imagine what Calvert would say. She got to Ashley about the last of June, and found it a new, rather pretty, and quite small country village.

She knew that Calvert's farm was on the outskirts of the town, and, with some ado, found the snug little house on which her lover had expended so much labor for her.

A charming little nest it was too, with green grass all about it, and a grove behind it, two immense shade trees in front, and a perfect wilderness of flowers.

The windows of the house were curtainless, and peeping in, Katharine saw fresh marks of her lover's hand.

The doors were all fast, but she found a window that she could open, and, blushing guiltily, she raised it, and after much poising of herself on the window-sill, and much hesitating whether to get out or in, she got *in*, laughing and crying in the same breath as she stood up in the room that Calvert's loving hand had fitted up for her. It seemed almost sacrilege to stand there thus alone, and having *stolen* in to the Eden from which she had voluntarily expelled herself.

The rooms were all simply but very prettily furnished—carpets down in all of them excepting the snug little kitchen, the floor of which was painted, and in a corner of which stood a new cooking-stove with the wood placed in it ready to light.

Kathie sat down and cried again when she saw that. "He thought he should bring his wife back with him, and he got every thing as ready as he could."

She had a long cry in a good many of the rooms, where so many things reminded her that Calvert had studied her desires.

She found that the back door fastened with a bolt on the inside, and she opened it to pass in and out.

She had found plenty of places for a woman's hand to put in order. Calvert had done his best, and a very good "best" it was. But he had been shy of asking any woman into the little household shrine he was fitting up (he wanted Katharine to see it first), and he himself was but a man, and, though a very wonderful man, of course couldn't be expected to know about such matters as a woman would. Kathie went round with her deft little hand and put the finishing touch upon every thing.

She hung snowy draperies at the windows, and put some dishes in the pantry that Calvert had never thought of. There wasn't a mirror in the house till she put them there, nor a picture on the walls.

She hired a man to help her trim up the yard from the few weeks' luxuriance of grass and overgrowth, and she tied up the "said" vines that had begun to clamber over the walls of the house.

That was the beginning of a difficulty that no genius less matchless than Kathie Vaux's could have conquered.

She had been careful hitherto of being seen in her operations; and the house being somewhat retired, she had escaped observation till she went into the yard to work. The afternoon of the first day that she did that one of the townsmen came riding by, and seeing what was going on stopped in some surprise.

"Halloa!" he cried, riding up to the fence, "Calvert Brande hain't come back, has he?"

The man, whose assistance Kathie had obtained, said *he* "didn't know nothin' about it;" and gave a nod toward Kathie, who pretended not to hear.

"Well, you'll find out if you please," said the townsman, sharply. "Mr. Brande left the key of his house with me, and gave strict orders that I wasn't to let no one enter the house or yard during his absence. If he's come, it's mighty odd he hain't bin after the key; and if he hain't come, I should like to know."

Katharine heard every thing, and after an instant's frightened hesitation came forward.

The man started at the exquisite little face that lifted itself toward him—Kathie wasn't unconscious of *that;* and she bewildered the man still more by looking straight at him with a pair of the brightest, darkest eyes it had ever been his lot to encounter, while she asked him, with a sufficiently demure air, what he wanted.

With some stammering the man repeated what he had previously said. He stammered, but he evidently meant what he said. Katharine had got to account for her presence there or quit the premises.

She was ready to cry with vexation. She might have told the man that she was Calvert's sister. Doubtful if he would have believed her though, even if she had not scorned to tell the lie.

Desperate emergencies call for desperate expedients. Kathie Vaux was just the rash, impulsive girl for such an emergency.

Dropping her long lashes, she watched the man from under them, while she said, gravely,

"If I had known you had the key I should certainly have been after it before now."

"Ah?" the man said, with a tolerably mystified look.

"Yes," Katharine said, with the same grave demureness, "it has been a great inconvenience to me not having the key—it has really;" and her bright eyes bewildered the man again. He gave a short, embarrassed laugh, saying,

"I don't want to be impertinent, Miss, but I should like to know who you be, any how?"

"My name is Vaux—Miss Vaux, Sir."

"Then you ain't Brande's sister."

"Oh dear, no! I'm just going to be his housekeeper, you know."

Katharine couldn't help blushing as she said that, and she with great difficulty kept from laughing at the man's astounded "Ah!"

"Why didn't Mr. Brande tell you where to find the key?" he asked, presently.

"It was singular, wasn't it? But *he* never said a word about it, nor *I*. We didn't either of us think of it, I dare say. I hope you have it with you, Sir."

The man looked bewildered still, but he said he'd send the key over, and rode away, wondering what Brande wanted of such a housekeeper as that. However, he sent the key as he had promised; and after another day's interval came himself to see how things were going. He had his misgivings about letting a stranger, though ever so pretty a one, into Brande's house without better warrant than any Kathie had ever given him, when he came to think it over.

Katharine had vanished, however, probably anticipating something of the sort, and the house was locked. The man went away in a tolerably anxious frame of mind, and was not at all relieved when he got home and found a letter from Brande, saying he should be there on the following day, and *not* mentioning the housekeeper.

Back he posted, and this time found Kathie, who had not expected him to return so soon. She had been expecting such news as this, however, and was prepared for it. The complete *sang froid* with which she received it relieved the man's mind some, and he went away and left her to her fate.

IV.

IT was about two hours before sunset that Calvert Brande and his mother drove slowly up to the house.

He had called for the key as he came through town, and received the somewhat mystifying intelligence, from the wife of the man with whom he had left it, that it was down at the house.

However, he was devoured by too many conflicting emotions to be critical, so he drove on.

An altogether different coming home was this from the one he had pictured when he went away, and he felt the difference to his heart's core.

Here, he had thought as he unhasped the gate, Kathie would have turned toward him, with loving tears in her bright eyes, to say, "Oh, Calvert!" as she always did when she was glad at something he had done for her.

Had he by any possibility been unjust to Kathie? He had half a mind to write to her, and see what she would say. But no; he had trusted her to an unlimited degree, and she had carried matters so far with another man, that he had dared to ask her to be his wife (he knew that from his mother). She must have encouraged George Hawley very much, or he would never have gone so far as that; and then, hadn't she let him come away, scorned to offer him any explanation of her conduct? Oh, she hadn't any! She was married to Hawley, perhaps, by this time. Hawley was rich, and he wasn't a *farmer*. Kathie didn't like farmers.

He paused upon the step, with his hand upon the door-knob. It seemed to him that he could not bear to enter thus into the scene of so many happy dreams, now forever blasted; for, as his mother had said, he was very unforgiving; and having lost faith in a love that he had thought would stand all tests, he was not likely to make the first advances toward reconciliation, or to forgive easily if such were made to him.

He stood a moment, and finally, opening the door, turned away without looking within, and suffered his mother to enter first.

"Why, Calvert," said Mrs. Brande, "I thought you said there wasn't no curtains to the windows—*you* didn't put *them* up, I'll be bound. Calvert, I say!"

Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, Calvert entered in reply to his mother's call.

"You don't mean to tell me you did them yourself?" she questioned, pointing to the curtains that swept snowily down.

Calvert looked, and his eye lightened.

"I gave orders that no one was to be suffered to enter here during my absence," he said, angrily. "And this is not at all as I left it."

He passed on to the next room, noting every where the indescribable change that had come upon every thing, and noting it with an eye that flashed with surprise and anger.

The sound of a retreating footstep, light though it was, fell upon his quick ear, and he passed instantly into the next room, his cheek flushing to think that strange hands had been upon any thing in these rooms that had been so sacred to him.

No one was in the room he entered—a glance showed him that—but there was a small closet opening from it. He crossed instantly to it, wrenched opened the door, which at first slightly resisted his efforts; wrenched it open—and started back as though a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet!

A but too familiar form was that drooping there—drooping so low that the soft, bright curls trailed the floor.

Poor Kathie had kept her courage very well until almost the last moment. Many a time, as something like a realization of what she had done came over her, she was ready to fly, to leave the house and Ashley; but having gone so far she reassured herself always, laughed at her own weakness, and staid. When she saw them drive up to the gate, however, every particle of courage suddenly left her.

She had never planned how she should meet him; she had vaguely meant to tell him all, how wrong she had been, and ask him to forgive her. Of course he wouldn't be able to resist such an appeal as that; and she had imagined how romantic it would all be.

But now scales seemed suddenly to drop from her eyes, and she saw herself, when it was too late, convicted before the man whose loving esteem she prized above all others—convicted before him of a course so forward and unmaidenly that it would be impossible for him to do any thing but despise her all the days of his life hereafter.

Mrs. Brande, who had followed close beside Calvert, understood every thing at a glance, and with a look of deprecation at her son—shocked as she was herself—passed between him and poor shrinking Kathie.

"Go out, Calvert, please, and leave her to me," she said.

Calvert Brande hesitated a moment, and then, with a strange light in his eyes, and a grave sweetness settling about his mouth, he said, gently, "Go you, mother," and he led her to the door.

"Don't be hard on her, poor thing; don't be hard on her, Calvert!" Mrs. Brande said.

But he only smiled strangely at her, and shut the door.

Going back to Kathie, though she shrunk and would not lift her head, he took her quite up in his strong arms and went and sat down.

*His* face was pale as death, and he let her hide hers yet a little while he questioned,

"What does all this mean, Kathie?"

No answer.

"Does it mean that you love me?"

She tried to writhe away from him, and would have knelt upon the floor again, crying:

"It means shame, humiliation, self-reproach, all unhappy things for poor Kathie! I wasn't satisfied with what I'd done already to make you hate me, and I had to come here. I was mad to come, I know it now. Let me go, Calvert, let me go!"

But he held her and would not let her go. Forcing her face to uncover itself to him, he read an instant through all its humiliation and scarlet shame the old sweetness, the old Kathie Vaux. And then he kissed the little face several times gently, and let her hide it in a strange and rapturous wonder upon his shoulder.

It was long before he could make her entirely comprehend that he loved her just as much as ever, and a great deal more.

"After this, too?" she questioned.

"After this too," he said, smiling; "it was a wild, strange thing to do, but it was just like Kathie Vaux to do it; and while I disapprove—because she did it out of love for me, because I should not have her here in my arms now if she had not done just as she has—I am glad."

They had no other explanation than that. Calvert Brande had not meant to forgive, but he was fairly taken by surprise, and in a weak moment when his heart was tender with memories of her.

One day, when they had been married some weeks, Mrs. Brande suddenly brightening up, said, "I declare I had forgotten! Kathie, you never told me what answer you made George Hawley; and seeing you made such a secret of it, I should like to know what it was."

Kathie colored, and glanced at her husband.

He only smiled. He could afford to smile now at mention of George Hawley or George Hawley's money.

Kathie hesitated so long, however, that it made him curious.

"Well, what was it?" he asked.

Kathie stole a hand within his and said, bashfully,

"He said something, while we were out riding, about Calvert being nothing but a farmer. It made me angry at the time, and when he asked me why I would not marry him, I said I was going to marry Calvert Brande, if he were nothing but a farmer."

Mrs. Brande said "Oh!" with some significance, and Calvert put to his lips the little hand that nestled in his, and whispered, "My darling!"

## LOVE AND WAR.

I.

HE stooped and kissed her again and again—
Oh, it was hard for the two to part!
Her tears fell fast as the summer rain,
And her bosom heaved with its weight of pain
As he held her to his heart.

She watched him pass down the village street,
Where the elm-trees cast cool lines of shade,
Moving along in the ranks while beat
The echoing drum, and the tramp of feet
Kept time with the tune it played.

Oh, lovers, now is your time to kiss!
Kiss and embrace while yet you may,
For there comes an end to all human bliss;
Ah, never was cruel war like this
Which darkens our land to day!

II.

See flash from afar those tongues of fire;
Hark to the din of the savage fight;
Pray matron, and maid, and gray-haired sire
That through the battle's terrible ire
Great God will defend the Right!

The sunset's gold in the burning west
Is deepening now to twilight's red;
And fades the light on the mountain's crest,
While down in the vale, where the shadows rest,
Sleep the unburied dead.

And one is there whose unconscious eye
Seems with wonder fixed on the evening star;
No more shall his lips breathe a fond "good-by,"
Nor burn with a lover's vow or sigh—
And this is Love and War!

## THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

WE give on page 284 a sketch of the horrible MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW. The annals of savage warfare nowhere record a more inhuman, fiendish butchery than this, perpetrated by the representatives of the "superior civilization" of the States in rebellion. It can not be wondered at that our officers and soldiers in the West are determined to avenge, at all opportunities, the cold-blooded murder of their comrades; and yet we can but contemplate with pain the savage practices which rebel inhumanity thus forces upon the service. The account of the massacre as telegraphed from Cairo is as follows:

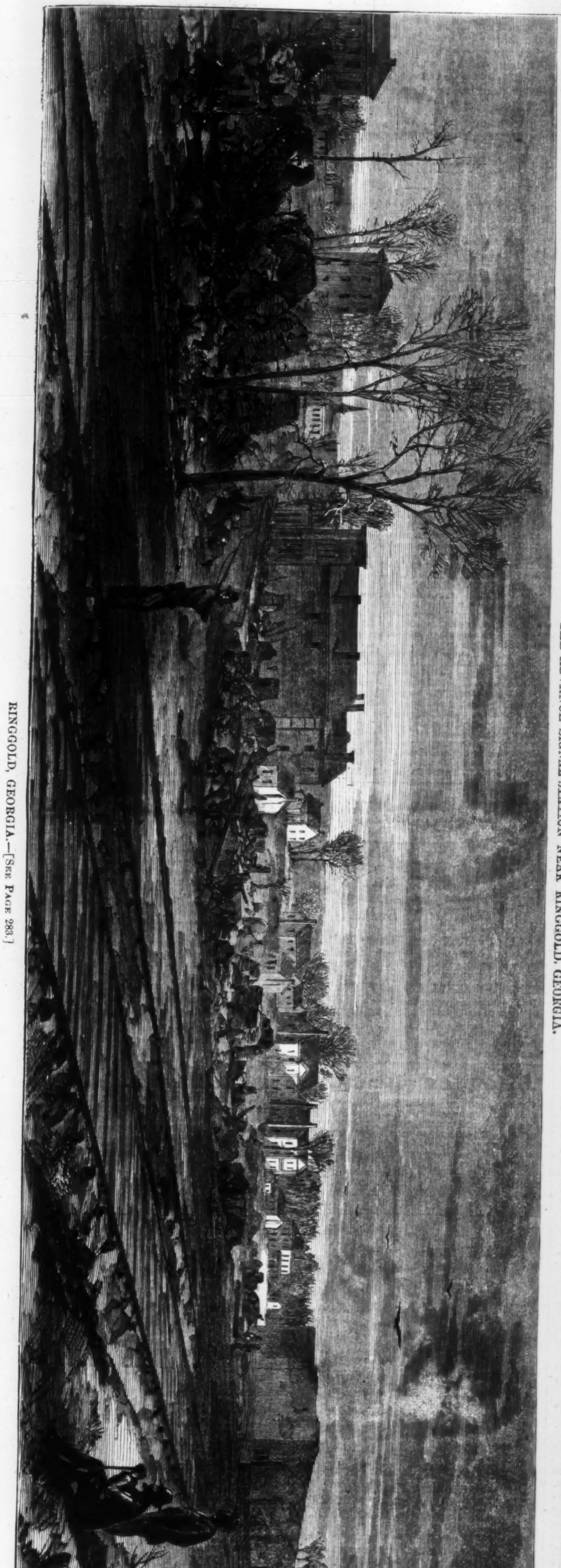
On the 12th inst. the rebel General Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow, near Columbus, Kentucky, attacking it with considerable vehemence. This was followed up by frequent demands for its surrender, which were refused by Major Booth, who commanded the fort. The fight was then continued up until 3 P.M., when Major Booth was killed, and the rebels, in large numbers, swarmed over the intrenchments. Up to that time comparatively few of our men had been killed; but immediately upon occupying the place the rebels commenced an indiscriminate butchery of the whites and blacks, including the wounded. Both white and black were bayoneted, shot, or sabred; even dead bodies were horribly mutilated, and children of seven and eight years, and several negro women killed in cold blood. Soldiers unable to speak from wounds were shot dead, and their bodies rolled down the banks into the river. The dead and wounded negroes were piled in heaps and burned, and several citizens, who had joined our forces for protection, were killed or wounded. Out of the garrison of six hundred only two hundred remained alive. Three hundred of those massacred were negroes; five were buried alive. Six guns were captured by the rebels, and carried off, including two 10-pound Parrotts, and two 12-pound howitzers. A large amount of stores was destroyed or carried away.

## THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

WE give on page 285 a view of a SIGNAL-STATION of the Army of the Cumberland, whose advance is at Ringgold, Georgia. This town was formerly a place of considerable importance, but is now a scene of utter desolation. The mills, factories, and store-houses are a mass of ruins, having been destroyed during the retreat of the rebel army. Of his sketch, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS says: "From the Signal-station of Captain HOWGATE on the Ridge which was so gallantly carried by the troops of General HOOKER just after the Lookout and Mission Ridge fight, the smoke of the various camps of the rebel army near Dalton can be clearly seen. The smoky range of mountains, an occasional picket, and Buzzard's Roost—the Gap at which the late reconnoissance ended—are also visible, as presented on the right of the sketch. As showing the rugged nature of the country in which our Western army has operated with such distinguished success, and something of the nature of the signal-service, our illustration has a marked interest.

Ringgold, of which we also give a view, is probably nearer the centre of the Confederacy than any other point now occupied by our troops.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.—[See Page 283.]



RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

THE ADVANCE SIGNAL-STATION NEAR RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

## REFUSED!

"NOT yours the fault," you say—not yours?—
You women keep some bitter cures
For our proud spirits. How I long
To think you have not done me wrong.
Believe me, this is half my pain
To feel I can not give again
Respect and trust, which were your due
When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,
"You meant the next day to unsay.
And if I thought of them—what then?
I must be fooled like other men:
Must learn to woo is not to win:
That women's falsehoods are not sin:
Must bear what other hearts have borne:"
—I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for *love* I vainly sued!
It was a *woman* that I wooed!
Not something in a woman's guise,
To make my trusting heart a prize—
Rejoice to feel me in her power—
Play with her new toy for an hour,
Then fling it down, with cruel jest,
And mocking scorn, at my request!

No! it was something kind and true
I fancied that I saw in you!
Before a high ideal shrine
I laid this honest love of mine.
I woke to find that shrine a dream—
That maidens are not what they seem.
Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth,
And take their *love* for what it's worth!

## LOVE AND ENTERPRISE.

So small a thing as the scratch of a nail sometimes affects the history of a lifetime.

We had ridden all day at a smart pace, pausing only now and then in the shade of wayside forest stretches to breathe our horses, jaded and worn by long travel. We had set out, with high hopes and resolute purpose, to inflict a blow at the very vitals of the Confederacy; and under Grierson's gallant lead we had, so far, swept every thing before us, scattering in dismay the bands of rebel troopers marshaled to resist our progress, and leaving on every side the evidences of our avenging presence. Inspired by success, running over with the love of adventure, we dashed along—past thrifty fields, past scattered houses with affrighted inmates peering from door and window, past villages too contemptible for our notice—singing, laughing as we rode, careless of present danger, indifferent altogether to the probable hazards of the future.

While, however, we had so far been successful at all points, we had not escaped conflict and slight loss. At several points in our excursion we had been sharply engaged; and while many of the enemy had been made to bite the dust, a few of our own gallant riders had been left to keep them company on the field. But notwithstanding all this we swept gayly forward, spreading terror every where, even with smiles on our faces and laughter on our tongues.

We had ridden smartly all day, and now in the twilight a detachment of us were sweeping into Enterprise, Mississippi, to the left of the route pursued by the main column. We knew the enemy had concentrated there in some force; but that only heightened our interest in the place, and with firm and steady columns we charged straight into the town. Before the stars had come out we had fought and vanquished the rebels, and, with our horses picketed in the streets, were foraging for such cheer as we could obtain from the inhabitants. In the main, they were by no means the hospitable people we had expected to find them; but we managed, notwithstanding their coolness, to make ourselves very comfortable, taking some liberties, it must be confessed, which probably a strict construction of army regulations would hardly have permitted.

But we could not loiter long—it was a long way yet to Baton Rouge—so, after resting our horses and refreshing ourselves, we prepared to mount and be off. I had taken supper just on the edge of the town, with an old man and his daughter, occupying a neat little house, and had been treated with great kindness. I said my adieux, therefore, in my very politest style, and started for my horse, most of my comrades having already mounted. But I was to ride no more, that time, under Grierson's brave lead. As I leaped toward my horse, in my haste to join my comrades, a nail projecting from the side of the gate caught my coat. Stooping hurriedly and with a sort of blind impatience to extricate myself from the annoying duress, another sharp point struck me straight under the eye, and with a howl of pain I fell back stunned and bleeding, being blind indeed, for the moment, from the agony of my hurt.

An hour after, opening my eyes, I found myself in a pleasant little room, lying on a faded lounge, with the old man whose hospitality I had shared sitting by me. A candle, standing on a table, gave a feeble light, which made my face seem spectral in the little looking-glass just opposite.

In a moment I comprehended the "situation," and inquired, nervously,

"Where are my comrades? Have they all gone?"

"Yes, an hour ago."

"And left me here all alone?" Then in a moment I added, bristling, "And among enemies?"

"All alone, Sir, but not among enemies. They didn't know, perhaps, you were not with them. It was dark, and they didn't move in much order." Then, as if to reassure me, he continued: "But you needn't be afraid, Sir; we'll take care of you."

"But my horse," I said; "what has become of him?"

"I cut him loose and let him go some time ago; it wouldn't have done for any of the neighbors to have found him picketed before my door. No doubt he has followed the others."

Here was a fix indeed. Left alone, half blind, with a stinging pain in my face and eyes, with not a loyal man, probably, in all the town, liable at any moment to be taken out by some gang of rebel cannibals, and hung up, or quartered, or buried alive. I had started to ride through the bowels of the Confederacy to Baton Rouge, but I was likely only to ride into the bowels of some rebel Hades.

The old man evidently comprehended my thoughts.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness," he said. "We haven't forgotten the old flag in *this* house;" and a glow came over his face, "and we will be glad to keep all harm from one of its defenders! Jane!"

"Here, father!" and a moment after the daughter stepped into the room. I looked at her more carefully now that I was likely to be her guest for a season. She was a round, rosy little body, with clear black eyes and thick wavy hair falling over her face, and a soft, cheery tone in her voice that was like music.

"Jane," the old man said, as she came into the room, "where is the flag?"

She slipped out a moment, and then, coming softly back, held out to the father a little flag with all the stars upon it. He fondled it a moment.

"We have kept it, Sir," he then said, "hidden away out of sight for two long years. I look at it every morning before I go out; it keeps fresh in my heart the memory of the good old times before treason had tried to blot out its stars. You see, friend, you will be safe with us if you will only keep out of sight."

Well, I *was* safe for a time—safe from the rebels, civilians and soldiers, swarming all around us, but not safe from the little minx, Jane Weston, who sat with me every afternoon in the little upper room where they had stowed me away. My eye was too much inflamed to permit of my reading, so Jane read to me an hour or so every day. Of course I very soon fell in love. I hadn't any thing else to do, in fact; and if I had been ever so busily employed, I couldn't have kept my heart from making what "raids" it pleased on its own account. Jane saw at last what state I was in, and grew shy and reserved. But I was too old a campaigner to be alarmed at that. I just took her one day in my arms, told her I loved her from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; that I wouldn't ever fight another day for the Union if she did not consent to be my wife; and, strange to say, the shy little creature, overcoming her reserve, accepted me right out, saying, roguishly,

"Not for your own sake, John—I only take you on patriotic grounds, so as to secure you to the country—for no other reason, I assure you."

Of course I had my revenge for this impertinence; but that is neither here nor there.

Late one afternoon the old man—his name was James Weston—came hurriedly home with a troubled face.

"Somehow," he said, "it has been found out that you are here, and they have threatened to burn the house over my head for giving you shelter, and to hang *you* forthwith."

I had always expected to be discovered sooner or later, and the old man's communication did not startle me.

"All we have to do, then," I said, "is to leave at once."

"That is easier said than done," he replied. "Pickets are every where, and it will be impossible to get away."

But I thought differently, and so after a time, with many tears, the father and daughter determined to attempt with me to reach our lines. How much it cost them to abandon their home and all the precious belongings, to turn their faces toward a strange land and people, only those who have suffered as they have done can ever know; but life was more than estate, and *that* was in peril every hour they remained.

That night we stole out under a starless sky, and with such light effects as we could carry, set our faces Northward. Patrols were all around us, but I dodged them all, how I can not tell. For days we traveled on, following unfrequented roads, sleeping often in forests and fields, telling such tales as we could to avoid detection; and at last, foot sore, weary, with poor Jane half wild with fever, reached the Tennessee, crossed over in a scow found ready to our hands, and in the midst of a thunder-storm, that rolled with the noise of a thousand guns along the heights of Lookout, came into Chattanooga.

There, very soon, kindly hands soothed our weariness, nursed Jane into health, and rubbed from our lives all the grime and pain of our long journey. Then, one day, I said to Jane,

"We are under the old flag now, darling; I am ready to become its defender again; shall we be married?"

With a blush she said Yes; and a week after we stood up before a chaplain, and with tough General Thomas looking on as a witness, were married; the flag hanging over us, its stars seeming to shine down royal benedictions upon our union.

Thus it was that the scratch of a nail got me a wife, and as fair and sweet a wife as any soldier ever won.

Three months ago, when Sherman dashed into the heart of Mississippi, putting his hand on its veins and arteries, and one day paid his compliments to the town of Enterprise, I rode with others in the van. Old James Weston's house I found standing unmolested still, though weeds were growing thriftily about its door, and disorder appeared every where. They told us a rebel colonel occupied it now as his own; but I managed to save it from destruction, thinking that perhaps some day, when Mississippi is wholly redeemed, the rightful owner may return and set up his altars afresh, with grandchildren of the name of Smith prattling to him as the years grow old.

Already one grandchild is his, for only last week he wrote me from the home in Vermont, where my dear ones abide, "A fat, bouncing boy dropped into Jane's arms yesterday; and she says his name is to be Enterprise Smith."

*My* name is John Smith. But Enterprise and a rusty nail gave me a wife; and it is only fair that my boy, crowing in his mother's arms away up there in Vermont, should be called Enterprise Smith, in memory of the day that brought me my fate. Besides, the name may serve him as capital when he comes to man's estate.

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